

# SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JUNE 15, 1959

*America's National Sports Weekly*

35 CENTS

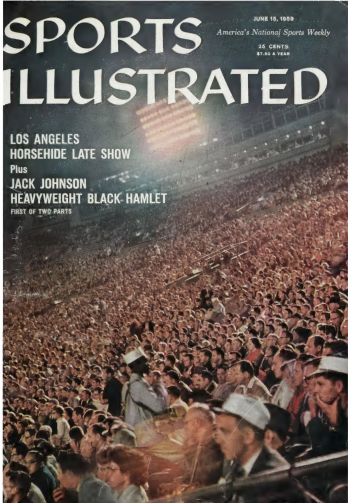
\$7.50 A YEAR

LOS ANGELES  
HORSEHIDE LATE SHOW

Plus

JACK JOHNSON  
HEAVYWEIGHT BLACK HAMLET

FIRST OF TWO PARTS





Through the magic of Pan Am's Jet Clippers, this is your year to visit Europe.

## 6 hours 55 minutes to Europe

With the end of summer begins Europe's most beautiful season. The summer crowds are gone; a more colorful time begins at a more leisurely pace. This can be your year to visit the Continent, and this Fall is the perfect time.

Today, Europe is well within the

limits of 2 weeks' vacation time and the average vacation budget. Abroad, prices are generally reduced for Fall. And with Pan Am Jet Clipper® economy-class service, New York to London is only \$272 one way, \$492<sup>00</sup> round trip. Pan Am Jets are fastest to Europe and offer the

only service to Paris and Rome as well.

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Most Experienced  
Airline



*Pan Am Jet Clippers...world's fastest airliners...the only economy-class Jet service...the only Jets to all three: London, Paris and Rome.*

**B.F. Goodrich**

# Have these B.F. Goodrich truck tires traveled 100,000...150,000...200,000 miles?



**CONTEST HINT:** This has been called "The 100,000-mile" tire. The user of these Traction Express tires (size 14-00-20), a large freight operator, drove these all-weather tires one hundred days for five days a week in all kinds of weather, on all types of roads.



**CONTEST HINT:** This is the original equipment tire on many new trucks. These Power Express Tubeless tires (size 8-19.5) travel almost 100 miles per day making stop-and-go deliveries. This tire wear continues six days a week, summer and winter.

## Make your estimate and win a THUNDERBIRD or CORVETTE or one of 310 other prizes

**G**uess the combined mileage on the two B.F. Goodrich truck tires pictured here and you can win one of 310 prizes.

Simply add your estimate of the mileage on the Traction Express tire above to the estimated mileage on the Power Express Tubeless tire below for your entry. The closest estimate to the nearest tenth of a mile wins.

These user reports will help you make your estimate.

**Consolidated Petroleum Corp., Oshkosh, Wisconsin...** "All-Nylon Traction Express tires rolled 105,000 miles without ever being off the wheels."

**Brown's Bakery, DeGraff, Ohio...** "We obtain over 55,000 miles on the original tread of our Power Express Tubeless tires, in addition to reducing road delays caused by punctures by 20 per cent."

Your B.F. Goodrich Smeilage dealer is listed under Tires in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. B.F. Goodrich Tire Company, A Division of The B.F. Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.

**Here's all you do!** Anyone who owns a truck or is employed in a transportation activity in a company operating trucks is eligible.

Visit your B.F. Goodrich Smeilage dealer for entry blanks and complete details. There's nothing to write, nothing to buy. Just make an estimate of the combined mileage of these two tires.

**YOU CAN WIN...** 1st Prize—YOUR CHOICE OF A 1959 THUNDERBIRD OR CORVETTE • 2nd Through 10th Prizes—MOTOROLA PORTABLE TELEVISION SETS • 11th Through 81st Prizes—MOTOROLA TRANSISTOR RADIOS • 82nd Through 161st Prizes—WATCH CUFF LINK SETS • 162nd Through 310th Prizes—CIGARETTE LIGHTERS

Specify B.F. Goodrich tires when ordering new equipment



## Smileage!

# B.F. Goodrich truck tires

© The B.F. Goodrich Company

You'll Like This New Modern Underwear

The advertisement features a man in a dark suit, a bowler hat, and a cane, seen from behind. He is looking at four framed illustrations of men wearing Jockey SKANTS briefs. The central frame is the largest and shows a man in a white t-shirt and white briefs, with the year '1959' at the bottom. The other three frames are smaller and show men in different styles of briefs. The background is a light, textured surface.

**Jockey<sup>®</sup>**  
SKANTS<sup>®</sup> brief

...for that SLIM-TRIM, comfortable look!

Here's the most original and practical men's underwear style since Coopers invented the Jockey brief! SKANTS are bikini-cut, tailored of 100% stretch Nylon that molds to your body. Especially designed for today's lean styles, SKANTS help you look trimmer—actually feel slimmer! Cut high on the sides, low at the waist, SKANTS provide maximum freedom of movement with minimum coverage. Choose yours in white or from a selection of colors: red, black, navy, light blue, light grey. Try SKANTS. You've never known such comfort!

**Jockey<sup>®</sup>** underwear  
tailored by the house of

It's better... because it fits better  
*Coopers<sup>®</sup>*  
COOPERS, INCORPORATED, PHOENIX, ARIZONA

Cover: *Los Angeles Calicoes* ▶

Baseball crowds in Los Angeles' huge Coliseum, run big (see page 61) and 61 for a two-page color portrait of plenty of people and behavior (read Jim Murray's story, page 61).

Photograph by John Brown

## Next week



▶ **Ingemar Johansson** is the toughest young Swede who has a plan to win the world's heavyweight title. Artist Robert Rapp illustrates the plan, and Marvin Katz judges it.

▶ **Tex Maule** went out on a limb when he predicted a Kansas win in the NCAA track championships. This week's this weekend, and we'll see how right or wrong Tex was.

▶ A report on this week's 50th U.S. Open golf championship at Winged Foot in New York—who won the tournament and just how he did it—by Herbert Warren Wind.

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In a remarkable series of color photographs, a 10-foot lemon shark satisfies an awesome appetite

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So they say, but look again at what they did in Munich the other day

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Tex Maule won the last track meet before the NCAA battle and repays a prediction

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In Part One of a new series, Stanley MacQueen tells how to train these popular gun-dog breeds

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# Thar's GO in them thar hills!



The Triumph TR-3 scampers up and down the meanest mountain road without getting winded.

Why?

Because its engine, steering, suspension and disc brakes are designed for car-killing European road competition. (The TR-3 has taken first in class in virtually every European rally for five years.)

Those of you interested in the Triumph TR-3's

less strenuous virtues will like the economy (count on up to 35 miles per gallon), the orthopedically designed seats and the fun. All of them are standard equipment.

Drive a TR-3. It handles so easily, your wife will want to keep it for herself. And, best of all, it costs \$500 less than any comparable sports car.

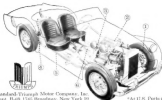
Now's the time for Triumph. Why wait?

## TRIUMPH

**TR-3**  
ONLY 42875\*

Six reasons why the TR-3 is your best sports car buy:

1. **DISC BRAKES:** Standard equipment on front wheels, maximum braking efficiency.
  2. **100 or 130HP:** 100 horsepower; 130 mph top speed; acceleration: 0-50 in 8 seconds.
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  4. **EXHAUST SYSTEM:** 2 straight-through mufflers release back pressure, increase engine efficiency.
  5. **FRAME:** High "X" type for stability. Fully cradle-mounted sheetmetal.
  6. **GEARBOX:** 4-speed, short throw, synchromesh in 1st, 3rd and top.
- OPTIONAL EXTRAS:** Overdrive, hard top, rear seat, wire wheels, white walls, and others (ask your dealer).
- SALES:** Dealers in every state—over 700 in all.



Standard-Triumph Motor Company, Inc.  
Dept. B-68, 1760 Broadway, New York 20

\*At U.S. Ports of Entry, plus state and/or local taxes—slightly higher West Coast.



The new Pinin Farina styled

# AUSTIN A40

*From a frisky, sturdy little work horse...*



## QUICK CHANGE ARTIST!



*...to the jauntiest little sedan of them all!*

**\$1795**

Starting  
as low as

B. O. B. (Includes Dealer)

### THE GAYEST, ROOMIEST, LIVELIEST ECONOMY SEDAN EVER!

No doubt about it. The new Austin A40 is a wonderfully different car. Brilliant, continental styling by Italy's famous Pinin Farina is combined with BMC precision engineering in a happy marriage of good looks and good sense. Your BMC dealer will be glad to show you how the gay, new A40 will fit into your way of life like nothing else on wheels. See him today!

- 32 month warranty... a sure sign of quality.
- Better than 40 miles per gallon of gas.
- Sports car agility and ease of handling.
- Generous headroom and legroom, front and rear.
- Folding rear seat to take extra loads.
- Picture window visibility all around.

### AUSTIN You can depend on it.

The new and larger Pinin Farina styled Austin A40 4-door sedan is also now available through BMC dealers.



A product of THE BRITISH MOTOR CORPORATION LTD., makers of Austin-Healey, Auster, V8, Magnette, Midget and Riley cars. Represented in the United States by HAMBURG AUTOMOTIVE CORP., Dept. C, 27 W. 37th St., New York 18, N. Y. Sold and serviced by a nationwide network of distributors and dealers.





Extra hands assure extra luxuries

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Not two, but three alert stewardesses assure you of every attention in the brief span of a Delta Royal Service Flight. So linger over your luncheon or dinner with its complimentary champagne and choice of entrée (*tenderloin steak to order, Rack Cornish hen, or seafood on appropriate days*). There's also music by Muzak, fast baggage handling and beverage service for the discerning passengers who specify these luxurious flights.

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*Delta's DC-8 Jetliners are on their way!*

**F**or a family that really enjoys active sports, there's nothing quite like a vacation at The Homestead.

A golfer has a choice of the excellent course at the hotel — or "The Cascades," one of the world's best courses, a few miles away.

A tennis player finds himself on perfectly groomed, fast-drying courts.

A rider has fine mounts and several hundred miles of scenic, mapped trails to follow.

For skeet shooters and fishermen the story is similar: your favorite sport under ideal conditions.

For everyone: indoor and outdoor pools, beautiful scenery, superb service, and the delightful accommodations of a magnificent resort.



**THE  
HOMESTEAD**  
HOTEL & RESORT

Write or telephone for reservations or detailed information. Special leaflets describe our facilities for golf, tennis, riding and driving and fishing, shooting and hiking.



## Jimmy Jemait's HOTBOX

**THE QUESTION:** Which race would you rather win, the Kentucky Derby or the Belmont?



**JOHN A. MORRIS**  
*Board of Trustees,  
NYRA  
New York*

The Belmont, because 1 1/2 miles is a better test of a Thoroughbred. The race is older and has more color and background. Rubenstein, owned by my great-grandfather, won the first Belmont in 1867. Later at Morris Park my father and uncle won it with Bowling Brook in 1898.



**HIRSCH JACOBS**  
*Trainer and partner in  
Hirsch-Jacobs Stables  
Sports, Ltd. and  
Riverside, Calif.*

I would like to win either one. Both are equally important to breeders and owners of stables. Perhaps the Kentucky Derby has more color, coming so early in the season. By the time we get to the Belmont, the horses are beginning to tire and are not at their best at 1 1/2 miles.



**MARY ELIZABETH  
PERSON**  
*Owner, Abingdon  
Farm  
Upperville, Va.*

If I had lived 50 years ago, I would rather have won the Belmont than any race in the world. But today there is a lot more glory and profit in winning the Kentucky Derby. Even so, I'm sorry that I don't have a horse ready for this weekend's Belmont, which I love. Maybe next year.



**MRS. CHARLES S.  
PAYSON**  
*Owner, Greentree  
Stable  
Hicksville, N.Y.*

I'm tempted to say the Kentucky Derby, because the last Derby the Greentree Stable won was in 1942. I wasn't there because of the wartime restriction on travel. Actually I'd rather win the Belmont. It's too difficult to get a horse ready for the Derby, run early in May.



**DEBEN PROPPS**  
*Box doctor owner  
Old Weather, N.Y.*

The Belmont, which, because of its distinguished history and great age, is known to endure as one of America's premier horse races. The 1 1/2-mile classic distance is a true test of a horse than the Derby 1 1/4. That's why Belmont winners have been the better studs.



**MAJOR ALBERT  
WARNER**  
*Owner, Warner Stable  
Hollywood and  
New York*

The Kentucky Derby. There's no question it is the greatest American race. It has enormous prestige and is covered by newspapers around the world. The winner of the Derby is immediately established as a valuable sire. My second choice is the Preakness and third, the Belmont.

continued



## **"I married a Schweppesman"**

**A**RE YOU? Not Admiral Whitehead, known on three or four continents as "Tommy." Wife to Commander Whitehead, who first brought Schweppes home to these thirsty shores.

"Edward walks, talks, breathes Schweppes," says the devoted "Tommy," "and more power to him! Home in England no real reward on the stuff."

In over a century nobody has been able to copy

Schweppes flavor. A curiously refreshing flavor that comes from English ingredients. And only Schweppes gives a Ginst-Tonic Schweppesness. Tiny bubbles that last the whole drink through.

Of course, Schweppes will cost you a few cents more than domestic substitutes. But as "Tommy Whitehead" says: "The real stuff always costs more."

You can see why the Commander married her.

*SCHWEPES: "Only a few cents difference in price . . . but a priceless difference in taste!"*

# Spin-Casting Tips from the World's Champion

Johnny Dieckman holds 10 amateur and 7 professional titles of the National Association of Angling and Casting Clubs. He holds 6 of the 14 world titles sponsored by the International Casting Federation at Kiel, Germany. Never before has one man held so many records at one time.

On these pages, Johnny Dieckman shows you the championship technique that makes spin-casting easy to learn. Each step is illustrated . . . and can be mastered by anyone.

However, to get the maximum pleasure and excitement out of spin-casting, Johnny Dieckman feels that you must have both good casting form and top-quality fishing tackle. Johnny Dieckman uses and recommends the Garcia-Abe-Matic, the Garcia-Companion Rod and Garcia-Flare! Monofilament Line. Get your family or fishing friends together. With Johnny Dieckman's instructions, help each other improve technique and enjoy more spin-casting thrills.

**3. LINE UP TARGET...**  
with your eyes and rod. Both the up strokes and the down strokes should follow a vertical line. "Slice" the target with your rod.

## 4. ROD ACTION...

The rod tip is spring loaded during the back cast. The rod will cast the lure as the tip straightens out. As the rod approaches the straightening point, remove your thumb from the trigger. The lure will shoot forward to the target.

**5. THE CAST...** Forearm and rod form straight line at right angle to upper arm. Upper arm close but not pressed against body. Begin cast by bringing hand up to eye level . . . without pause bring rod forward with a smooth crisp chopping motion. Some wrist action is proper—but get arm action right and wrist action will follow.





**1. GET READY...** Reel here is within six inches of rod tip. Hold down push button with the thumb. This action disengages pick-up mechanism and holds the line during the cast. Hold rod with handle up... with your knuckles on top. This comfortable grip leads to accurate, easy casting.



**2. TIMING...** As the rod comes forward release line by removing the thumb from the trigger button. Although the thumb is fully removed in illustration—only a reduction in thumb pressure is generally all that is needed. Practice short casts. Accuracy is more important than distance.



**6. ADJUSTING THE DRAG...** The star drag on Garcia Abu-Matic regulates the amount of pull necessary to take cast line. Tighten it by turning clockwise. The setting should always be below the breaking point of the line. Once it's set, leave it set. Experience will determine exact setting.



**7. SYNCHRO-DRAG...** exclusive feature of Garcia Abu-Matic, provides a means for reducing drag setting by turning handle one quarter turn backwards. Turn handle forward again and original star drag setting is again in effect. Always adjust star drag with handle in forward position.

**Garcia**

## ABU-MATIC

The World's Finest Spin-Casting Reel



Whether you are a first time fisherman or a veteran angler... here is a reel that offers more perfection, more features, more dependability than any other spin-casting reel.

Not only do you get all the advantages of a smooth, powerful star drag—you also get the exclusive fish-saving Synchro Drag. When a big strike comes... a reverse turn of the handle permits you to adjust to exactly the right amount of tension—instantly—to set the hook and keep the line tight.

Your Garcia Abu-Matic Reel comes equipped with 125 yds. of Garcia/Platy 8 lb. test Monofilament line... with the best 10 yds. colored seed to signal end of line. Saves fish—saves line.

Yet the Garcia Abu-Matic has more advanced features than any other spin-casting reel—wearproof tungsten carbide line pick-up—hard chromed stainless steel winding cup and line guide—non-twist line pick-up on stationary spool—finger-formed release trigger—completely anodized against corrosion. Inset on the front, inset on the Garcia Abu-Matic Spin-Casting Reel.

THE GARCIA CORPORATION... 268-76 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

# DuBOUCHETT

## Cordials

(doo-boo-shay)

Delightful after dinner...  
delicious any time!



Choose from 27 delicious  
populantly priced  
DuBouchett Cordials



CREME  
DE MENTHE  
Green or White  
60 proof

MARY BLAND & CO., SCHENLEY, Pa.



## CARTAN WORLD WIDE TRAVEL

60+  
YEAR

**JAMAICA WOLUDAY** — Choice of beach, sight-seeing, programs — are arranged for independent rate-free travel, 6, 7, 10 or more days in Jamaica — daily to December 15. Includes air fare from Miami... from \$140.

**CALIFORNIA "GOLD MINE"** — San Diego, Tijuana, Los Angeles, Los Angeles, Yosemite optional, San Francisco, Chatsworth, California, Zephyr, 14 days — May-Oct. Extended... from \$200.

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See our 1974-75 ATA travel guide or write for free literature.  
**CARTAN TRAVEL, 150 N. State, Chicago 2**

### A PROUD NAME... ALREADY OLD WHEN FRANCE WAS YOUNG

COGNAC POLIGNAC bears a royal name, famous since the Crusades... a name which today signifies the only cognac whose superb quality is entirely controlled by the world-renowned Cognac Cooperative of France. Discover Cognac Polignac for yourself... taste it with pride.



40 PROOF COGNAC, IMPORTED FROM COGNAC, FRANCE BY JAMES H. ROYCE, N.Y. 1. IMPORTED BY CHAMPAGNE, MICHON

### HOTBOX continued



**CHARLES COHEN**  
Owner, Charles Cohen  
and Company, Admiration  
Horse Book

The Kentucky Derby. From a breeder's point of view, a Derby winner gets lots more publicity than a Belmont winner. Consequently, he's a much more valuable stallion. Admiration, jockey, that opinion, and he'll tell you the Derby is top.



**FRANK C. RAND JR.**  
Owner, Frank C.  
Rand Stable  
Route 1, N. Me.

The Derby, the most glamorous horse race on this side of the Atlantic and the event for which American racing is best known. It's comparable to the Epsom Derby in prestige and newspaper coverage throughout the world.



**MRS. FRANK C. RAND JR.**  
Owner of Admiration  
Stable and race horse  
Route 1, N. Me.

I disagree violently with my husband. The next horse wins the Belmont, but there's a lot of talk in the Derby, like Native Dancer being bumped out of stride, Gallant Fox being blown by jockey, stand up to him and this year's champion stud.



**HARRY G. FRELINGSHUYSEN**  
Owner, Frelingshuysen  
Farm  
Fox Hills, N.J.

The Belmont. I like the distance. It's the classic race rather than a circus buildup. You can really get big crowds to their peak for the Belmont. I have never won either, but I would compromise for the Kentucky Derby.



**JACK AMIEL**  
Breeder and  
owner, Derby owner  
Frank J. Amiel  
Paris, Ky. and  
New York.

The Kentucky Derby. Once you win the Derby, every other race is secondary. The importance of any race determines its newspaper and magazine coverage. Ten times as much is written about the Race for the Roses as any other horse race.

# Charlie Miller

He thinks there are no unimportant jobs

It's not hard to tell that Charlie Miller is a man who knows his job. He's been in the oil business for 25 years and he's still going strong.

"You can't be a manager," he says, "unless you're also a worker."

"Yet I understand the pride of the men who work for me. I know what it's like to be a worker."

When he's not in the office, Charlie Miller will work the night shift on the third and the production line worker will take a moment to talk to him about his product.

Charlie Miller is a man who knows his job.

"I don't see the need to change a single rule," he says. "The rules are the same. The only thing that's changed is the way we do it. That's our part of it."

Charlie Miller is a man who knows his job. He's been in the oil business for 25 years and he's still going strong.

Charlie Miller is Supervisor of Wage and Salary Administration. He is a man who knows his job.

"The company is a very good one. For here at Union Oil, we try to help each other. We know the importance of his job to the company and to the community."

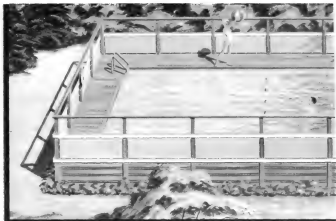
If each of us realized this, think how much better we could be.

Union Oil Company of California  
P.O. Box 1000, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Co.,  
Los Angeles, California



## Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA 76

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRIFID, THE CHANGING PURPLE MOTOR OIL



*Big Bucks - Dining, Vacation, Sport, Education*

Bob Richards says:

**WIN an Esther Williams  
Swimming Pool  
in WHEATIES  
LUCKY DRAWINGS!**

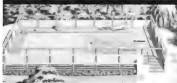


**A total of  
1215 prizes!  
405 in each  
drawing!**

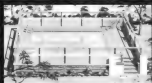


**1st Prize:** "The Typhoon III, 16' x 32' Esther Williams Pool with spacious sundeck, Solaroof® enclosed, and heated for year round swimming fun, constructed with prime redwood, structural steel and enduring vinyl poolskin.





**2nd Prize**—The Penthouse II, 18' x 32' Esther Williams Pool, for family swimming and diving enjoyment in privacy, with many safety features.



**3rd Prize**—The Penthouse I, 16' x 30' x 33", perfect for all family swimming and recreation, can be dismantled and taken with you if you move.

**\$600-4th Prizes** of inflatable aquatic air mattresses. Fun for all the family.\*

Esther Williams Swimming Pools come complete with filtration system, stainless steel ladder, underwater light, and all accessory equipment.

There's a drawing with a complete set of prizes for each of three Wheaties handy sizes!

Do you like to write—no, to write to win? Three sizes of Wheaties—Regular, Large, and Family Economy Size—each has its own drawing. Enter today! Enter all three! Rules on side panel of specially marked Wheaties packages. Or write for rules to General Mills, Inc., Dept. R, 623 Marquette Ave., Minneapolis 2, Minnesota. Subject to Federal rules, and U.S. laws.



# A◦ Have a Gimlet made with A◦ Rose's Lime Juice

Making the Gimlet: 3 or 4 parts gin or vodka to 1 part Rose's Lime Juice. Serve over ice in either an old-fashioned or cocktail glass. You'll find Rose's at food stores, package stores and restaurants.



Q◦ What to do when you suddenly  
Q◦ get tired of the same old gin and  
vodka drinks?





Best for beauty...



best for glare!

No other sun glass grows like Ray-Ban's superb glare protection of Ray-Ban Sun Glasses. And no other sun glass gives you such a wide selection of flattering frame styles and colors for men and women. Ray-Ban lenses are precision ground and polished to remove glare and the harsh rays of summer sun. And Ray-Ban frames are fashion styled to make you look as smart in the sun. Try on a pair where the quality sun glasses are sold—Bausch & Lomb Optical Co., Rochester 2, N.Y.

BAUSCH & LOMB

**Ray-Ban**  
SUN GLASSES

EXCISE TAXES: Look for Ray-Ban at the ULTA Chainstore. Ray-Ban, 1976, p. 12, 18

## SCOREBOARD

A roundup of the sports action of the week

**TRACK & FIELD** The 100-meter dash was the only event in the 1976 Olympic Games in which the American runner, Carl Lewis, won the gold medal. Lewis, 23, won the 100-meter dash in 10.25 seconds, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 200-meter dash in 20.9 seconds, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 400-meter dash in 46.8 seconds, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 800-meter dash in 1:58.29 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 1,600-meter dash in 4:10.33 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 3,200-meter dash in 8:20.66 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 6,400-meter dash in 16:41.32 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 12,800-meter dash in 32:82.64 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 25,600-meter dash in 65:65.28 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 51,200-meter dash in 131:30.56 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 102,400-meter dash in 262:61.12 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 204,800-meter dash in 525:22.24 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 409,600-meter dash in 1,050:44.48 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 819,200-meter dash in 2,101:28.96 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 1,638,400-meter dash in 4,202:57.92 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 3,276,800-meter dash in 8,405:15.84 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 6,553,600-meter dash in 16,810:31.68 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 13,107,200-meter dash in 33,621:03.36 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 26,214,400-meter dash in 67,242:06.72 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 52,428,800-meter dash in 134,484:13.44 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 104,857,600-meter dash in 268,968:26.88 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 209,715,200-meter dash in 537,936:53.76 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 419,430,400-meter dash in 1,075,873:07.52 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 838,860,800-meter dash in 2,151,746:15.04 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 1,677,721,600-meter dash in 4,303,492:30.08 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 3,355,443,200-meter dash in 8,606,985:00.16 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 6,710,886,400-meter dash in 17,213,970:00.32 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 13,421,772,800-meter dash in 34,427,940:00.64 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 26,843,545,600-meter dash in 68,855,880:01.28 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 53,687,091,200-meter dash in 137,711,760:02.56 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 107,374,182,400-meter dash in 275,423,520:05.12 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 214,748,364,800-meter dash in 550,847,040:10.24 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 429,496,729,600-meter dash in 1,101,694,080:20.48 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 858,993,459,200-meter dash in 2,203,388,160:40.96 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 1,717,986,918,400-meter dash in 4,406,776,320:81.92 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 3,435,973,836,800-meter dash in 8,813,552,640:16.38 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 6,871,947,673,600-meter dash in 17,627,105,280:32.76 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 13,743,895,347,200-meter dash in 35,254,210,560:65.52 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 27,487,790,694,400-meter dash in 70,508,421,120:13.04 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 54,975,581,388,800-meter dash in 141,016,842,240:26.08 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 109,951,162,777,600-meter dash in 282,033,684,480:52.16 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 219,902,325,555,200-meter dash in 564,067,368,960:104.32 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 439,804,651,110,400-meter dash in 1,128,134,737,920:208.64 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 879,609,302,220,800-meter dash in 2,256,269,475,840:417.28 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 1,759,218,604,441,600-meter dash in 4,512,538,951,680:834.56 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 3,518,437,208,883,200-meter dash in 9,025,077,903,360:1,669.12 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 7,036,874,417,766,400-meter dash in 18,050,155,806,720:3,338.24 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 14,073,748,835,532,800-meter dash in 36,100,311,613,440:6,676.48 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 28,147,497,671,065,600-meter dash in 72,200,623,226,880:13,352.96 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 56,294,995,342,131,200-meter dash in 144,401,246,453,760:26,705.92 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 112,589,990,684,262,400-meter dash in 288,802,492,907,520:53,411.84 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 225,179,981,368,524,800-meter dash in 577,604,985,815,040:106,823.68 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 450,359,962,737,049,600-meter dash in 1,155,209,971,630,080:213,647.36 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 900,719,925,474,099,200-meter dash in 2,310,419,943,260,160:427,294.72 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 1,801,439,850,948,198,400-meter dash in 4,620,839,886,520,320:854,589.44 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 3,602,879,701,896,396,800-meter dash in 9,241,679,773,040,640:1,709,178.88 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 7,205,759,403,792,793,600-meter dash in 18,483,359,546,081,280:3,418,357.76 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 14,411,518,807,585,587,200-meter dash in 36,966,719,112,162,560:6,836,715.52 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 28,823,037,615,171,174,400-meter dash in 73,933,438,224,325,120:13,673,431.04 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 57,646,075,230,342,348,800-meter dash in 147,866,876,448,650,240:27,346,862.08 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 115,292,150,460,684,697,600-meter dash in 295,733,752,897,300,480:54,693,724.16 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 230,584,300,921,369,395,200-meter dash in 591,467,505,794,600,960:109,387,448.32 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 461,168,601,842,738,790,400-meter dash in 1,182,935,011,589,201,920:218,774,896.64 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 922,337,203,685,477,580,800-meter dash in 2,365,870,023,178,403,840:437,549,793.28 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 1,844,674,407,370,955,161,600-meter dash in 4,711,740,046,356,807,680:875,099,586.56 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 3,689,348,814,741,910,323,200-meter dash in 9,423,480,092,713,615,360:1,750,199,173.12 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 7,378,697,629,483,820,646,400-meter dash in 18,846,960,185,427,230,720:3,500,398,346.24 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 14,757,395,258,967,641,292,800-meter dash in 37,693,920,370,854,461,440:7,000,796,692.48 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 29,514,790,517,935,282,585,600-meter dash in 75,387,840,741,708,922,880:14,001,593,384.96 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 59,029,581,035,870,565,171,200-meter dash in 150,775,681,483,417,845,760:28,003,186,769.92 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 118,059,162,071,741,130,342,400-meter dash in 301,551,362,966,835,691,520:56,006,373,539.84 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 236,118,324,143,482,260,684,800-meter dash in 603,102,725,933,671,383,040:112,012,747,079.68 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 472,236,648,286,964,521,369,600-meter dash in 1,206,205,451,867,342,766,080:224,025,494,159.36 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 944,473,296,573,929,042,739,200-meter dash in 2,412,410,903,734,685,532,160:448,050,988,318.72 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 1,888,946,593,147,858,085,478,400-meter dash in 4,824,821,807,469,371,064,320:896,101,976,637.44 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 3,777,893,186,295,716,170,956,800-meter dash in 9,649,643,614,938,742,128,640:1,792,203,953,274.88 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 7,555,786,372,591,432,341,913,600-meter dash in 19,299,287,229,877,484,257,280:3,584,407,906,549.76 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 15,111,572,745,182,864,683,827,200-meter dash in 38,598,574,459,754,968,514,560:7,168,815,813,099.52 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 30,223,145,490,365,729,367,654,400-meter dash in 77,197,148,919,509,937,029,120:14,337,631,626,199.04 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 60,446,290,980,731,458,735,308,800-meter dash in 154,394,297,839,019,874,058,240:28,675,263,252,398.08 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 120,892,581,961,462,917,470,617,600-meter dash in 308,788,595,678,039,748,116,480:57,350,526,504,796.16 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 241,785,163,922,925,834,941,235,200-meter dash in 617,577,191,356,079,496,232,960:114,701,053,009,592.32 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 483,570,327,845,851,669,882,470,400-meter dash in 1,235,154,382,712,158,992,465,920:229,402,106,019,184.64 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 967,140,655,691,703,339,764,940,800-meter dash in 2,467,308,765,424,317,984,931,840:458,804,212,038,369.28 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 1,934,281,311,383,406,679,529,881,600-meter dash in 4,934,617,530,848,635,969,863,680:917,608,424,076,738.56 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 3,868,562,622,766,813,359,059,763,200-meter dash in 9,871,235,061,697,271,939,727,360:1,835,216,848,153,477.12 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 7,737,125,245,533,626,718,119,526,400-meter dash in 19,742,470,123,394,543,879,454,720:3,670,433,696,306,954.24 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 15,474,250,491,067,253,436,239,052,800-meter dash in 39,484,940,246,789,087,758,909,440:7,340,867,392,613,908.48 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 30,948,500,982,134,506,872,478,105,600-meter dash in 78,969,880,493,578,175,517,818,880:14,681,734,785,227,816.96 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 61,897,001,964,269,013,744,936,211,200-meter dash in 157,939,760,987,156,351,035,637,760:29,363,469,570,455,633.92 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 123,794,003,928,538,027,489,872,422,400-meter dash in 315,879,521,974,312,702,071,275,520:58,726,939,140,911,267.84 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 247,588,007,857,076,054,979,744,844,800-meter dash in 634,718,043,948,625,404,142,551,040:117,453,878,281,822,535.68 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 495,176,015,714,152,109,959,489,689,600-meter dash in 1,269,436,087,897,250,808,285,102,080:234,907,756,563,645,071.36 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 990,352,031,428,304,219,918,979,379,200-meter dash in 2,538,872,175,794,501,616,570,204,160:469,815,513,127,290,142.72 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 1,980,704,062,856,608,439,837,958,758,400-meter dash in 5,077,744,351,589,003,233,140,408,320:939,631,026,254,580,285.44 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 3,961,408,125,713,216,879,675,917,516,800-meter dash in 10,155,488,703,178,006,466,280,816,640:1,879,262,052,509,160,570.88 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 7,922,816,251,426,433,759,351,835,033,600-meter dash in 20,310,977,406,356,012,932,561,633,280:3,758,524,105,018,321,141.76 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 15,845,632,502,852,867,518,703,670,067,200-meter dash in 40,621,954,812,712,025,865,123,266,560:7,517,048,210,036,642,283.52 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 31,691,265,005,705,735,037,407,340,134,400-meter dash in 81,243,909,625,424,051,732,246,533,120:15,034,096,420,073,284,567.04 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 63,382,530,011,411,470,074,814,680,268,800-meter dash in 162,487,819,250,848,103,464,482,066,240:30,068,192,840,146,569,134.08 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 126,765,060,022,822,940,149,629,360,537,600-meter dash in 324,975,638,501,696,206,928,964,132,480:60,136,385,680,293,138,268.16 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 253,530,120,045,645,880,299,258,721,075,200-meter dash in 649,951,277,003,392,413,857,828,264,960:120,272,771,360,586,276,536.32 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 507,060,240,091,291,760,598,517,442,150,400-meter dash in 1,299,902,554,006,784,827,715,656,529,920:240,545,542,721,172,553.04 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 1,014,120,480,182,583,521,197,034,884,300,800-meter dash in 2,599,805,108,013,569,655,431,313,059,840:481,091,085,442,345,106.08 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 2,028,240,960,365,167,042,394,068,768,601,600-meter dash in 5,199,610,216,027,139,313,672,626,119,680:962,182,170,884,690,212.16 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 4,056,481,920,730,334,084,788,137,537,203,200-meter dash in 10,399,220,432,054,278,627,345,252,239,360:1,924,364,341,769,380,424.32 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 8,112,963,841,460,668,169,576,275,074,406,400-meter dash in 20,798,440,864,108,557,254,690,504,478,720:3,848,728,683,538,760,848.64 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 16,225,927,682,921,336,339,152,550,148,812,800-meter dash in 41,596,881,728,217,114,509,381,008,957,440:7,697,457,367,077,521,697.28 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 32,451,855,365,842,672,678,305,100,297,625,600-meter dash in 83,193,763,456,434,229,018,762,017,914,880:15,394,914,734,155,043,394.56 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 64,903,710,731,685,345,356,610,210,595,251,200-meter dash in 166,387,526,912,868,458,037,524,035,839,360:30,789,829,468,310,086,789.12 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 129,807,421,463,370,690,713,220,421,190,502,400-meter dash in 332,775,053,825,736,916,075,048,071,678,720:61,579,658,936,620,173,578.24 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 259,614,842,926,741,381,426,440,842,381,004,800-meter dash in 665,550,107,651,473,842,152,100,173,357,440:123,159,317,873,240,347,156.48 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 519,229,685,853,482,762,852,881,684,762,009,600-meter dash in 1,331,100,215,302,947,684,304,200,346,714,716,800:246,318,635,746,480,694,312.96 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 1,038,459,371,706,965,525,705,763,369,524,019,200-meter dash in 2,662,200,430,605,895,368,608,400,693,429,436,800:492,637,271,492,961,388,625.92 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 2,076,918,743,413,931,051,411,526,738,048,038,400-meter dash in 5,324,400,861,211,788,917,216,801,386,858,873,600:985,274,542,985,922,777,251.84 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 4,153,837,486,827,862,102,823,053,476,096,177,600-meter dash in 10,648,801,722,423,577,834,432,161,771,717,744:1,970,549,085,971,845,554,503.68 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 8,307,674,973,655,724,205,646,106,952,353,355,200-meter dash in 21,297,603,444,847,155,668,864,323,543,435,488:3,941,098,171,943,691,108,907.36 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 16,615,349,947,311,448,411,292,213,904,706,710,400-meter dash in 42,595,206,889,694,311,337,728,647,086,871,676,800:7,882,196,343,887,382,217,814.72 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 33,230,699,894,622,896,822,584,427,417,413,421,600-meter dash in 85,188,413,779,388,622,667,457,294,173,743,343,200:15,764,392,687,774,764,435,629.44 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 66,461,399,789,245,793,645,169,654,834,826,846,400-meter dash in 170,376,827,558,777,245,334,914,588,347,486,686,400:31,528,785,375,549,528,871,258.88 minutes, beating the silver medalist, American runner, Calvin Smith, by 0.01 seconds. Lewis also won the 132,922,799,578,491,587,290,339,309,669,653,712,800-meter dash in 340,753,655,117,554,488,669,82

## faces in the crowd . . .



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### 1959

Handsome prizes and trophies await fishermen who join in an North Carolina's exciting tournaments and contests. For details on individual contests, please write directly to the appropriate address.

**North Carolina Salt Water Fishing Contest.** Now and until December 1, All Coast (Salt water from Va. Sea to S. C. Sea). 35 varieties fish eligible. Sponsored by Salt Water Sports Fishing Assn. of N. C. For information write Hal Wilson, Secretary-Treasurer, P. O. Box 468, Washington, N. C.

**Watteress Island Fishing Rodeo.** Now and until December 1, Hatteress Island and environs, Channel Bass, Bluefish, Spanish Mackerel, Sea Anchoa or Whiting eligible. Sponsored by Cape Hatteress Anglers Club. For information write Dare County Tourist Bureau, Manteo, N. C.

**South Eastern North Carolina Beach Area, 14th Annual Fishing Rodeo.** Now and until December 1, from White Oak River at Swansboro to the S. C. Sea. 24 species fish eligible. For information write South Eastern North Carolina Beach Area, 4th & Princess Streets (P. O. Box 283), Wilmington, N. C.

**Fabulous Fisherman's Contest.** Now and until November 1, Marshaled City and environs. Most species common to area are eligible. For information write Fabulous Fisherman, P. O. Box 4, Marshaled City, N. C.

**New Haver Fishing Club Contest.** Now and until December 31, Between New River and Seaford. Salt and fresh water species eligible. Sponsored by the New Haver Fishing Club. For information write Greater Wilmington Chamber of Commerce, Wilmington, N. C.

**Hags Head Surf Fishing Club's Annual Tournament.** October 15-17, Hags Head and environs. Various species eligible. Sponsored by Hags Head Fishing Club, Hags Head, N. C. For information write Dare County Tourist Bureau, Manteo, N. C.

**Cape Hatteress Anglers Club Annual Tournament.** October 29 - 31, Cape Hatteress and environs. Various species eligible. Sponsored by the Cape Hatteress Anglers Club. For information write Dare County Tourist Bureau, Manteo.

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## COMING EVENTS

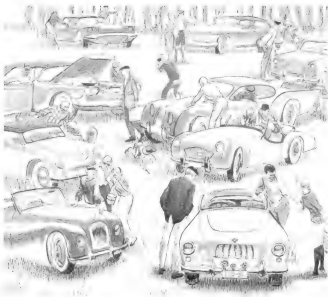
June 12 to June 15  
MAYNARD, N.J.

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### Friday, June 12

- BASEBALL**  
• Nat'l College League, Omaha, through June 13
- Milwaukee at Chicago, 2:00 p.m., Mutual
- BOXING**  
• Jimmy Frisbie vs. Tony Danza, Las Vegas, 10 p.m., HBO
- Joe Garbin, New York, 9:00 p.m., HBO
- WRESTLING**  
• Hulk Hogan vs. Ric Flair, Chicago, 10 p.m.
- TRACK & FIELD**  
• Nat'l College League, Omaha, 10 p.m.
- 1000 Yards, 1 mile, 2 miles, 4 miles, 800 yards relay, 100 yd. dash, 100 yd. dash relay, 200 yd. dash, 400 yd. dash, 800 yd. dash, 1600 yd. dash, 3200 yd. dash, 6400 yd. dash, 12800 yd. dash, 25600 yd. dash, 51200 yd. dash, 102400 yd. dash, 204800 yd. dash, 409600 yd. dash, 819200 yd. dash, 1638400 yd. dash, 3276800 yd. dash, 6553600 yd. dash, 13107200 yd. dash, 26214400 yd. dash, 52428800 yd. dash, 104857600 yd. dash, 209715200 yd. dash, 419430400 yd. dash, 838860800 yd. dash, 1677721600 yd. dash, 3355443200 yd. dash, 6710886400 yd. dash, 13421772800 yd. dash, 26843545600 yd. dash, 53687091200 yd. dash, 107374182400 yd. dash, 214748364800 yd. dash, 429496729600 yd. dash, 858993459200 yd. dash, 1717986918400 yd. dash, 3435973836800 yd. dash, 6871947673600 yd. dash, 13743895347200 yd. dash, 27487790694400 yd. dash, 54975581388800 yd. dash, 109951162777600 yd. dash, 219902325555200 yd. dash, 439804651110400 yd. dash, 879609302220800 yd. dash, 1759218604441600 yd. dash, 3518437208883200 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# NAKED AND CONTEMPTUOUS

**When I reached up to pull down the garage door something hit me from behind. The door drove me to my knees. I rose. Another blow dropped me again. I was kicked several times. I heard two voices but I was so dazed I could not identify the men.**

The voice that gasped out this dramatic story was that of Jackie Leonard. Having regained consciousness, he was spooling near in the emergency ward of a Los Angeles hospital where doctors were treating him for concussion of the brain and examining him for even more serious damage.

The aftermath attack on Jackie Leonard June 3 was big news in Los Angeles and across the country because Jackie Leonard, a boxing promoter, had been under police protection since giving testimony, only two weeks before the blows were struck, to the California State Athletic Commission about how boxing's dirty businessmen, its undercover underworld goons—had threatened just this sort of reprisal if they were not handed a 50% interest in the welterweight champion. The attack was a demonstration—naked and contemptuous—of the way the underworld still strives to run boxing in the U.S.

The testimony of Jackie Leonard and others, given two weeks earlier before the California Athletic Commission, reveals the same unrelenting underworld attempt. Here is the story that emerged from the sworn testimony before the commission:

At 42 Jack Leonard is one of the leading fight promoters on the West Coast. He has a wife, children and a Los Angeles home with a swimming pool. He also has as friend and associate a 33-year-old boxing manager named Don Neseeth. And Don Neseeth is the manager of a husky young fighter, Don Jordan, who last December won the welterweight

championship of the world. Don Neseeth has a wife and two children. As promoter, manager and welterweight, Leonard, Neseeth and Don Jordan seemed to have a highly promising future in their joint association.

But one night not long before Don Jordan won the welterweight championship, Jackie Leonard's telephone rang with a long distance call from Chicago. The voice on the other end of the line identified itself as that of a man all too well known in U.S. boxing, Blinky Palermo, numbers racketeer and longtime friend of boxing's hoodlum No. 1, Frankie Carbo. "We're in for hell," Leonard heard Blinky say. And when Leonard questioned, "I don't know what you're talking about," Blinky repeated, "We're in for hell of the fighter."

Jackie Leonard did know what Blinky Palermo was talking about, just as he could well have known that Blinky's "us" meant "me and Carbo." If you are a boxing manager or a fighter who gets around, you know, it only by boxing's grapevine, that Frankie Carbo, often in association with Blinky Palermo, has undertaken

for 25 years to "organize" professional prizefighting much the same way that other underground hoodlums seek to "organize" vice and narcotics. If you remember what has happened to the relatively few men in boxing who have tried to go along, in which case it is only a question of time until the mob owns your fighter.

Jackie Leonard and Manager Don Neseeth talked it over. They decided to appeal to a higher power. They got in touch with Truman Gibson, successor to James D. Norris as president of the International Boxing Club and now, since the court ordered extinction of the IBC, president of National Boxing Enterprises, of Illinois. Leonard and Neseeth found Gibson reassuring and received the impression Gibson would smooth things out: "Go ahead, tell them [that Carbo and Blinky are in for hell]. They won't bother you."

"We'll end up in the river or something," Leonard objected.

Gibson reassured again: "Aw, that went out with high-button shoes. Call Blinky and tell him everything

AFTER THE SAVAGE BEATING, JACKIE LEONARD IS COMFORTED BY HIS WIFE JEANNE



going to be all right." So Leonard told Blinky, with casual noncommittal assurance, that one deal was on. On December 3, Don Jordan won the welterweight championship from Luigi Adams; Leonard's phone began to buzz like wasps; Blinky was on the line again. Kindly, Truman Gibson had not proved quite the successful entrepreneur that Leonard and NeSmith had hoped he would be. Blinky's phone calls kept urging Leonard to get down to Florida to "see Mr. Norris." Like anybody else in boxing, Leonard knew who "Mr. Norris" was. "I kept stalling," said Leonard. "He kept calling." Until one day, Palermo phoned and said he had made a reservation for Leonard, and that Leonard had better be on that plane for Miami.

Leonard flew to Miami, where he was met at the airport by Blinky. They drove to a motel in West Miami where Leonard found no Jim Norris but instead Frankie Carbo and a hustler named Gabe Grossman. Leonard began to sweat. When Blinky returned, he teased for 20" of the fighter, Leonard said. "Well I think everything is all right with Don NeSmith," i.e., that Don Jordan's manager would "be along." "Whattya mean, you think?" exploded Blinky. Carbo interposed that he "liked Blinky and wanted to see him make a dollar." Leonard got back to Los Angeles a shaken man.

In Los Angeles there were other visits from Palermo. He came to Leonard's office the first time with Louis Dragna, a handsome, sharp-featured man credited by the Los Angeles police with being one of the leading figures of the local underworld. Dragna made no threats but his mere presence was intimidating. The next day Palermo showed up with Joe Sica, a muscular fellow with a shaved scalp who is known to strangers to the Los Angeles police. In these visits Palermo asked pointedly where NeSmith lived and whether he had a family. Joe Sica said bluntly that his only concern was "getting the thing straightened out."

Blinky broke in to say that the thing had better be straightened out. Did Leonard remember what happened to Ray Arcel? Leonard remembered, all right. Arcel, a promoter of televised boxing shows who wanted to go it alone, i.e., without the mob, was beaten with a length of pipe on a

*Continued on page 11*



FRANKIE CARBO, a member of the mob, is by far the only Chicago, N.Y., and another boxer, that intimidated Leonard. "We're going to meet at the gymnasium."



BLINKY PALERMO tried to make it on Webster's. Chicago boxer.



TRUMAN GIBSON told Leonard and NeSmith to have dinner with LaRocca.



JAMES H. NORRIS was told by Leonard, Palermo and NeSmith to have dinner with LaRocca.



JOE SICA, Los Angeles hood, put Leonard under the straighten 'them out.



LOUIS DRAGNA, Los Angeles hood, was prominent in Palermo's circle.



GABE GROSSMAN, Carbo's Miami pal, was accused of interference running.



JAMES LEONARD was badly beaten after giving his damaging testimony.



DON NESMITH, Leonard's manager, told Gibson to have Norris' call charged.



RAY ARCEL, former boxing promoter, got pipe slugging in Boston in 1963.

# MICKEY THE BOOSTER SHOT

**The great slump ended when Mickey Mantle stopped playing ball like an \$80,000-a-year resident of Easy Street. His blazing bat and fiery base running woke up the Yankees**

by ROY TERRELL

ON THE AFTERNOON of May 21, in the first inning of a baseball game at Memorial Stadium in Baltimore, a young man in the neat gray road uniform of the New York Yankees walked to the plate, smoothed out the dirt with his spikes and looked at the pitcher. He straightened his batting helmet and wiped his right hand on his hip. He leaned forward in a crouch, almost seemed to breathe, then slowly, nervously, tossed back and swung the long, slender bat back and forth in vicious little arcs. The muscles of his forearms rippled and bunched as he tightened his grip.

The Yankees were nervous. They had won only 12 in their first 32 games, and for the first time in 49 seasons they had tumbled into an undisciplined heap into the American League cellar. From the most feared team in baseball the Yankees had become every one's pariah, losing because they couldn't hit, losing because

they couldn't field, losing because their pitching was bad, losing because the rest of the league feared them not.

Then, Mike Pappas, the Baltimore pitcher, threw to the plate, Mickey Mantle swung his bat and suddenly the Yankees' troubles were no more.

Mantle doubled to drive in a run. Later that afternoon he walked. He walked again. He hit a home run and a single. He stole third base and went on to score when the catcher's throw was wide. He scored two other runs. The Yankees were 13-5.

The next day he hit another home run. In his next game he had two hits, a three-run homer. In his next he had only one hit, a line drive to left which he stretched to a double with a terrific burst of speed, but he also walked three times, stole second once and another run so he scored three. The opposing pitcher with his darning, threatening gestures looked scared

that the batter, Bill Skowron, was eventually able to pick out a fat pitch and snag it over the wall.

The next night Mantle walked three and stole second twice. On the seventh inning, the catcher didn't even bother to throw. The next day, May 29, Mantle had two hits, one a left-handed single over third which he stretched into a double, and on Memorial Day he had a home run and four other hits. On the Sunday after Memorial Day his lone hit, a double, came with two men on base and the score tied 0-0. It was, apparently, all the opening the Yankees needed. A walk and a game-winning home run followed.

On June 3 Mickey beat Detroit with a ninth-inning home run off Ray Narveski on a pitch that was so good Narveski couldn't believe that it had been hit and which Mantle later said, "Sure had no room." On June 4 he went two for five and stole another base. Against Cleveland on Friday night, June 5, he walked three times and scored two runs. On Saturday his eighth-inning single drove in what turned out to be the winning run in a 2-1 game.

In 13 games since that Saturday

NEWCOMER HECTOR LOPEZ (LEFT), VETERANE McDUGGOLD (CENTER) AND BERRA, RESPONDED TO MANTLE'S EXAMPLE AND



afternoon in Baltimore, Mantle had batted .412, scored 17 runs, driven in 14, walked 15 times, stolen six bases and hit four home runs. And the Yankees said not 11 of those 15 games is come roaring up out of the cedar. By the time the Yankees had finished with Cleveland last weekend, winning three games out of four from a team that was expected to be a contender in the season's hot spot, players and Yankees were sixth, but only 8½ games behind, and the rest of the American League was running for the hills.

Of course, other people besides Mantle helped the Yankees surge. Tamm, Fred Luger, and O'Connell were personally, and McDougall snapped out of his slump, and Beaver Loper, brought in from the Athletics in a trade, drove in runs at a tremendous rate. But now Yankees themselves admitted that the spark had come from Mantle.

"There's no question about it," said McDougall. "That's one's playing the best ball that we have seen."

"I've seen this guy do a lot of things I thought were great," said Hank Bauer, "but the last couple of weeks he's been better than ever."

"You might say," said Stengel, "that he is making full use of his abilities, and therefore is playing better than anyone in this league for a long time."

As Stengel so often says, the things Mantle can do are "amazing." But to millions of baseball fans, especially those sitting in his own home park, the most amazing thing about Mickey

Mantle is why he doesn't do them all the time.

No one ever looked more like a great athlete. Mantle is just under six feet tall and, in top condition, weighs 195 pounds. His legs are trim and powerful. His torso is like that of a weight lifter, thick and muscular, and his shoulders are 14½ broad. His arms are big and bulge with knots of white muscle. And thus the 30-inch neck rises a good-looking blond head with its almost catlike ears, in a slightly tough, slightly insolent,

American-boy sort of way, with its uplifted nose and widepread eyes.

"He was once more particularly not respectful that morning over saw," a rival manager once said.

His speed, of course, is legendary, again as Stengel says, "faster than that leg over the fence." His power, a legend, too; the home run he hit in Washington in 1953 practically invented the tape measure for only Mantle and Williams have ever hit a baseball over the roof in Detroit; only Mantle

and Williams have ever hit a baseball over the roof in Detroit; only Mantle

HIS FACI TWISTED WITH DETERMINATION AROUND MANTLE'S HEAD HE SET AT PITCH



HELPED GET YANKERS OUT OF THE CELLAR

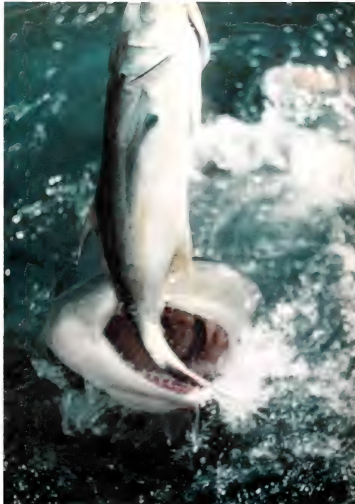


# Dinnertime Antics of an Eager Shark

IN THE MUNDANE SOCIETY of marine fishes, the 200-pound lemon shark pictured on the opposite page ranks somewhere between garbage man and robber baron. The lemon shark has a reputation as a man-eater; this particular shark very likely has prowled often past the succulent white legs of bathing tourists, but the chances are it has bitten none. The lemon, like all the species in the vast order of sharks, has little brains: it is virtually an automaton guided along the path to survival by its keen sense of smell. If it has passed up human legs in favor of a decaying crab, it is merely because dead crab gives the water a richer and more enticing smell.

Several years ago this lemon shark was captured and put in a channel beside the Seaquarium in Miami, where it thrives and offers visitors—as the pictures on the following pages show—a fearsome spectacle of just how hard a shark will work when competing for food against 30 rival sharks. Biologists and skin-divers have come to understand that when competition is heavy, sharks tend to abandon their natural caution. In a mob a new boldness comes over them. The feeding of each shark seems to stimulate all its rivals, and it is the competition, largely, that impels sharks to swallow all manner of things: dead fish and live people and dogs, sofa cushions, bottles, horseshoes and bicycle parts. A single shark, like a goat feeding on a line of wash, has been known to take in all the hooks of a commercial fishline. In an attempt to keep sharks from tuna lines, ichthyologist Stewart Springer of the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries experimented with small bombs hidden in bait. "If the bomb exploded in the shark's mouth, the smoke would pour through its gills and the shark would take off fast," Springer reports. "But if the bomb merely exploded in its face, the shark wasn't bothered. Sharks do not have enough brains to qualify as stupid," Springer concludes. "They are merely automatons, with a good nose, a good appetite and a fine set of teeth."

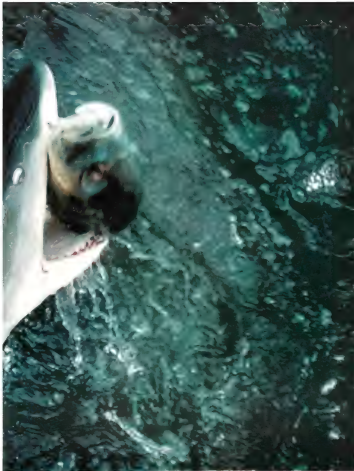
**Tempted by the dangling shape of a dead jack,  
a 10-foot lemon shark lunges out of the water**





Flattling its pectoral fins to gain support for its heavy body, a lemon





shark rises almost two feet above the water surface to grab the bait



Sinking back into the water, a shark twists the bait lengthwise to its gullet so that it is easier to swallow

# EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

## *Symbolism in K.C.*

**I**N THE geography of baseball, Kansas City has rarely been as happily located as it is right now. The Athletics have been in the first division all spring, lead the American League in batting, with four regulars at the .300 mark. And the team has played better than .500 ball from the start.

This does not mean that Kansas City is without its discontents. The trouble is geography, in a way; for years, ardent publicists have taken advantage of Kansas City's inland location by making it known as the Heart of America, with its symbol a big heart. Now when the Athletics were located in Philadelphia their symbol was a big elephant. When the franchise was sold to Kansas City, the elephant symbol went along with the team.

There it affronted the pride of members of the Southside Democratic Club. A South Kansas City merchants' association took up the cause. Before anybody was quite aware of it, a considerable movement had developed to replace the elephant with the heart, and the Athletics were beginning to think uneasily of the day when they would have large hearts sewed on their uniforms, like so many Valentines, and what hostile fans and bench jockeys might say about that.

On May 28 Charles Fisher (Democrat) introduced a resolution in the city council. The elephant, he cried, was not in keeping with the Heart of America. While he didn't quite spell it out, he got across the idea that the elephant was not in keeping with the symbol of the Democratic Party either. Fisher's resolution passed 7 to 1, with the lone Republican on the city council voting to

stand pat. The resolution as passed did not, to be sure, outlaw the elephant symbol, or make the heart symbol compulsory, but it did call upon the ball club to replace the Gothic A and the elephant on the players' shirt fronts, at least on out-of-town games, with something solid like KANSAS CITY.

Last week petitions to the same effect were circulating in Kansas City. Said the Chamber of Commerce, in a hasty statement: "We have not taken a stand on this matter." Nor had the old left-hander who frequently came up from Independence, Harry Truman, though obviously, in a matter of this kind, his feelings about elephants could be taken for granted.

As for the Kansas City A's themselves—well, a club spokesman spoke for them. "All they have on their minds," he said, "is staying in the first division. They don't care if you put FRANK LANK LEVIE GEORGE WINGS across the heart," he declared, opening up still more awesome possibilities, "so long as they continue playing .500 ball."

## *They Said It*

**INGEMAR JOHANSSON**, on why he has been flowering so few hard rights in training camp: "What good is a sparring partner sitting down?"

**FRANTISEK VODESLON**, Czechoslovak Olympic Committee chairman, applauds the expulsion of Nationalist China from the International Olympic Committee: "A defeat for the reactionary forces in the IOC; it constitutes an important step toward the solution of the question of two Chinas."

**FRANK FRIECH**, Hall of Fame second baseman, working a playful hit-and-run on present-day infielders: "How can anybody make an error now? They wear gloves that come up to the elbow."

**VICTOR BERRY**, U.S. Latin Tennis Association president, answering critics of amateur athletics: "The tragedy is not amateur funds, but insufficient funds to live on properly. If a nation wants its athletes to be recognized as first-class citizens, they should be permitted to travel first-class."

## *Nowinking Fund*

**A** MODERN Dante once depicted the special Hades of golfers as a course whose perfection of tee, green and fairway was beyond anything known to mortal man. Its private clubhouse was a tower of infinite beauty and its bar an empyrean spring. Its caddy house was peopled with young men as tactful as Jeeves, as wise as Bob Jones and as quietly indefatigable as old Enos Slaughter. The bags they carried were loaded with exquisite arts of matched lemons and woods cunningly designed to make Sam Sneads of the veriest duffer. What then was the catch in this vision of joy? The hell of it was simply that there were no golf balls.

While no mortal golfer as far as we know has yet experienced quite such hellish frustration as this, few of us have escaped the sample that occurs when, on a perfect morning on an ideal course after a flawless drive and an inspired approach, we take three putts on the green.

*continued*

## EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

One way to balance things up and regain an approximation of heaven after such an experience is to give your clubs to the caddy and renounce the game forever. A better and easier way is to move to San Francisco and join the Tri-Putt Club, or maybe start one of your own. The San Francisco



Tri-Putters are a group of West Coast golfers whose dedication to the game often outstrips their skill. To maintain an even keel on the lip of constantly threatening discouragement, they have negotiated a solemn compact by which each of them contributes \$5 to a common fund whenever he three-putts a hole. This somnolent fund is then reinvested in the stock market, where unearned increments have been spreading out like scar tissue to cover the spiritual wounds of the frustrated duffers.

The worst putter in the Tri-Putt is its president, Anthony Bettiari, who has paid out the maximum \$25-a-week levied for bad putting 11 times since the club's founding at New Year's. Since Tony is also a stockbroker, it is his business to sink the club's money into suitable financial holes. At the latest reading he and his fellow duffers had netted themselves \$2,000 worth of profitable holdings.

"Who knows," said one of them last week, "we may end up owning an apartment house. If we do, I for one am going to insist on tightly woven carpets for home-putting practice."

### Flycycle Built for Three

PERHAPS the most encouraging thing about this automated age is that there is still always someone who wants to do it the hard way. No number of helicopters can deter the dedicated mountaineer from climbing upwards rock by rock; the horse goes right on plodding along in happy constance with the automobile; and in the engineering offices of

Pratt and Whitney Aircraft a young man dreams of putting himself right out of business.

The young man is Hank North, a Canadian with an advanced degree in engineering from Britain's College of Aeronautics. Hank's business in the Montreal plant of Pratt and Whitney is helping to design and build better aircraft engines, but his sustaining dream (dreamed on his own and not company time, of course) is to build an airplane that will fly without the aid of any engine whatever. Not a glider, mind you, but an airplane, i.e., something that will take off, fly and land on manpower alone.

Like Da Vinci and many another dreamer of similar dreams before him, young North is handicapped by the fact that man, as an engine, is a highly inefficient prime mover. Under normal circumstances he just can't generate enough power to get himself off the ground, not and carry a plane along with him, anyway. Even the best man can produce only one and one third horsepower and can sustain even this puny effort for only about 20 seconds.

This is not, North reasons, enough to carry an airplane aloft, but it might be enough to carry a part of an airplane aloft if the plane were properly designed with minimum drag and maximum lift potential. With such a plane and not one but three stout 'uns, three strong men to push it, North feels, the trick might

well be turned. The way he sees it, the plane will be of approximately Piper Cub size, with one man seated amidships and two others close behind him, all pedaling like fury on a bicycle-like gear to spin a propeller in the plane's tail.

With the right men pedaling ("We can use a crew of average athletes," says North, "not necessarily world champions"), and the plane performing according to specifications, North figures he could achieve a man-powered flight of close to a mile over a period of two or three minutes before his athletes collapsed. All he needs now to become airborne is the athletes, the plane and approximately \$25,000 for expenses.

"A refreshing prospect of the whole undertaking," says Hank North, his eyes alight with enthusiasm, "is that it will have absolutely no commercial value whatever."

### Rescued Champion

AMONG other distinctions, Dr. Robert Lightfoot is known for a rare and difficult operation on damaged ligaments in the legs of dogs. More specifically, other veterinarians speak of him as the best man on the anterior cruciate. If these phrases communicate little to outsiders it is no reflection on them, for the anterior cruciate is so complex in its workings that it is almost necessary to witness Dr. Lightfoot's operation to understand what it involves. Briefly, however, damage to the ligament means a dog can't move his leg—run, jump, scratch, or anything else.

Black Boy XI is a nine-year-old Labrador retriever, winner of a roomful of trophies, owned by Lewis Greenleaf, a sportsman and business executive of Greenwich, Conn. Among experts on American field dogs, Black Boy is regarded as outstanding; he isn't the national champion, but in the complicated hierarchy of field trial winners it doesn't make much difference—he has won so many events even his owner has to look up the record to see what they are. And last fall Black Boy suddenly went lame.

He held up his left hind leg, and



### Bowler Boy

The dark horse won the Derby, yes. But ever after that He'd not given the track a look. Allowed to wear his hat.

—HARVEY E. CARTER



## PHOTO-CARTOON

A gaffer's dedication to his game has been so unimpaired by amputation that a right seldom believed or laughed at. You last week in Pittsburgh while the

Almasa Good Child was being entertained by a \$225,000 fire, its members, with convincing evidence, kept eyes on playing. And this photo-cartoon proves it.

couldn't move it. All conventional treatment failed to have any effect, and Greenleaf was ready to have Black Boy destroyed when he heard about Dr. Lughton, who is the head surgeon at the Animal Medical Center in New York. Now, what happens when an animal of championship caliber, valued at many thousands of dollars, faces a major operation? The achievements of human surgery have become fairly well known, but operations on animals have not. For one thing, Black Boy was a superb patient. He was given a light anesthetic to permit examination. A pair of crossed ligaments, one anterior and one posterior, are involved in all the movements of a dog's knee. Dr. Panzura, a Finnish veterinarian working in the United States eight years ago, discovered that when the ligament, the anterior cruciate, is broken, there is a certain looseness in the knee, a slight sideways motion that is not possible if the ligament is whole. This is the only outward indication of what causes lameness in such cases. Black Boy was anesthetized because, says Dr. Lughton, "You can't tell anything if the dog is frightened and his muscles tense."

The operation, which took about

an hour, was performed on the second floor of the Animal Center, soon to be replaced by a \$8 million animal hospital and laboratory. Masks over faces in the ether-drenched air prevented comments. The bones of Black Boy's left hind leg were uncovered, and the anterior cruciate, stretching over the upper part of the knee and under the lower, was found to be destroyed. (Why and how such damage occurs is not known, and the accident need not be a dramatic one: a dog makes a running turn, perhaps, and comes back lame.) It is, of course, impossible for science to duplicate the amazing symmetry and efficiency of nature's arrangement of the muscles in the knee. But a working substitute is possible. For the material for a substitute ligament Dr. Lughton used fascia, a heavy, thick, fibrous tissue taken from Black Boy's thigh. He drilled a hole through the bone and drew his substitute ligament down the leg, over the knee, through the hole he had drilled and back up the leg. He put a standard splint on the leg, and Black Boy was immobilized for about a week.

"I can't praise that dog too much," said Dr. Lughton the other day when word came that Black Boy was again

winning firsts, this particular one a Talbot County, Maryland event. "He's a very bold dog. As soon as the splint was taken off, he was ready to go, started right off. He has an admirable disposition. When not working he's quiet, very gentlemanly. He took well to confinement. As soon as I came near him his happiness indicator—that's his tail, of course—would start to work. After he was released to Greenleaf I went up to Greenwich to see him. He was worked in a big field there, about 15 acres; his trainer, Ray Stroudinger, deserves a lot of credit. Black Boy was put through his paces—signaled, rewarded for retrieving, everything. He's a very wonderful dog. If I hadn't known which leg I operated on I couldn't have told which leg had been injured."

## Horse Opera

SPRINGING red horse on stall 59 at Holly wood Park, called with unblinking amazement the five shades coming his way. It didn't take much horse sense to know they didn't belong there: their fingerboards were manicured, the brass buttons on their cashmere jackets glistened in the

Continued

morning sun and the long drink of water in jodhpurs had more hair than a lead pipe. Then the horse got the drift and understanding came on like the Lone Ranger: Slim Summers, which has always resembled Billy Sullivan one of its own, had come to do the scene with him.

The plot was horse-opera simple. Johnny Cash, a high-riding cowboy singer, had composed a little number



called *The Ballad of Billy Sullivan*. To get the recording some little-doesn't-but-much-needed publicity, "Billy" came up to the ball. Passed 'em all like standing still," a press agent's photographer was going to snap pictures with Johnny Cash sang and Billy imperio.

Billy was sitting to a fan-thriller. He is not much of a rare horse but he is a confirmed actor, and while Johnny Cash played a guitar and moaned through three verses of *I Don't Like It But I Gave Things Happen That Way* a current hit, Billy affected a dreamy look and strummed guitar and guitar. The photographer and the three press agents with Johnny Cash had danced with the success of the venture. It was a hit in a Los Angeles newspaper last year that Billy was that way about Cash's singing; this was the first demonstrator proof. "Well, you ask me if I'll forget my baby," sang Cash in a fourth reprise as if his heart would break. "I don't know, I can't say, I don't like it but I gave things happen that way." And when nothing more and singer had married at that, Cash changed his tune: "Don't take your time to look, now, leave your gun at home," he implored, and Billy Sullivan, as a tale reduced to a sentimental, run-along song.

But the point of the meeting was being ignored. "Play *The Ballad of Billy Sullivan* for him," said the photographer, remembering the point and making to reload. "What?" said Johnny Cash. "The *Ballad of Billy Sullivan*," said a press agent. "Sing

that." "I can't sing that," said Slager-Composer Cash. "I don't remember the words."

### Outside Looking In

EVEN THOUGH, as journalists, we can when necessary whip out a parrot-like-actor eloquence, we had not up to now thought ourselves qualified for the role the phrase described. The elegance of high society, we had thought in our rough and horny-handed way were all a matter of cool punch and peit bags at garden parties and an air of exquisite boredom at the opera. Pulling a respectful forehead, we were content to leave the expertise in such matters to romances like our Briton colleague *Queen*, which always knows exactly when to stand back when to look forward.

"Society," the editor of *Queen* tells us, is an aristocratic party, "essentially a matter of who is 'in' and who is 'out.'" This we knew before. What we didn't know until *Queen's* men told us was how closely the confinement of society to the British Isles parallels our own intrigues.

"Asot, Ladies, the Royal Academy," and Henley," says *Queen's* editor, "are still very smart and important." Well, Asot is a rare track. Lords is a cricket field, garden, us, pitch; and Henley is a river site known for its cross races. Four standards of horsemanship and three are sporting in nature.

"Shooting and hunting," the author goes on, "are terribly in" and if you have an estate and don't shoot or hunt, you are a joke—despicable." A proper "in," we learn further, doesn't even require his hand in acres but is potential bags. "I have a little place in Devon," he'll say, for instance, "not much of estate, only four days' first shoots" (i.e., \$,000 to \$9,000 a year).

Then there are ladies. "The new," says the *Queen's* man, "is definitely an 'in' animal and it is very smart to own horses and go in for racing. But," he adds, "you must wait." Now that's something we—and we suspect most of our readers—can definitely understand. Anyone who treats us on to a horse that runs out of the money with our donation, his race, he certainly isn't "in." He ain't even so gentleman.

THE Federal Government of the United States, unlike the dictators of modern times, seldom conceals itself with the conflict of international sport except to extend an occasional good wish or to issue the issuance of a visa. But last week two separate branches of the Government were boiling in indignation at the decision of the International Olympic Committee to withdraw the laurels of its approval from Free China and place them instead on the beam of Communist China. SL June 11.

The news reached Capitol Hill just as the House of Representatives was considering a bill appropriating some \$400,000 for federal support of the 1960 Winter Games. The bill was promptly amended to read: "Funds shall not be available for the support of any international game or event in which participation is demanded of the free countries of the world."

In Foggy Bottom, after trying in vain to get some sort of detailed history of the IOC's Munich Conference decision from the U.S. consulate in Munich, the State Department issued a formal statement. It expressed to the world U.S. trust "that the public and all sports organizations both here and abroad will recognize the Communist threats for what they are and will assist in restoring both the athletes of the Republic of China and the Olympic principles to their deserved positions."

In Lausanne, Switzerland, meanwhile, the venerable president of the IOC, Avery Brundage of Chicago, agreed to meet the press. He commented at once on his committee's action with the retort that everything said been misinterpreted. "The Olympic Committee," he stressed, "recognizes only sports organizations and not governments. It has no intention of deviating from its basic policy of noninterference, either religious, racial or political."

It should, we think, be obvious to Avery Brundage as to everyone else in the world, that the two most recent political problems plaguing today's life are those involving the great differences of Free and Red China, of Free and Red Germany. The schism, unresolved existence of these two

# ON A CLOUD ABOVE POLITICS

split nations reflects one of the global ailments of mankind. Their claims and counterclaims to sovereignty and recognition are the constant concern of the ablest statesmen of two worlds. Their potentiality for serious trouble is a continuing threat to the future of civilization itself.

It may be that Brundage's committee is very wise and that the gentlemen meeting in Geneva as the top diplomatic spokesmen of their several countries are very stupid. It must be so, for these men have been locked for weeks in inconclusive debate over but one single aspect of just one of the problems of Geneva sovereignty. Yet in a brief meeting at Munich, almost without debate, the Olympic Committee settled in a single moment the far wider question of the sovereignty of the two Chinas. In simple and unvarnished terms, it declared to the world that the Peking Communists represent China and that Chiang Kai-shek's Nationalists are merely refugees.

How could such a decision be reached so easily? It was, said one of the few communist spokesmen who could be persuaded to talk, a Frenchman, a simple matter of logic. "It just made no sense," he said, "to go on calling Peking 'China' when it can't control the sports activities of 'democratic China.' Possibly not, M. Communist, but does it make sense to you to call Peking China when it can't control the sports activities of the Republic of China? Well, no. What really makes no sense whatever is for you and Mr. Brundage and the International Olympic Committee to support yourselves the final arbiters of governmental nomenclature in the troubled world in 1956 (or 1946) when, like it or not, the answer to Japan's question about what's in a name can be of vital concern to the whole world.

The IOC can be superior to global politics only if it holds aloof from the squabbles that don't concern it, as Jesus (transcribed) did from the arguments over Aryan mastery at the Berlin Games of 1932. It was not Owen's function to argue with Nazis, only to ban them. It is not the function of the Olympic Committee now



to decide what government represents a state or what the government chooses to call itself.

Brundage and his IOC fellows can and should say to both, Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung, "Gentlemen, your athletes, in whatever name you choose to call them, are welcome in our games, provided they conduct themselves as sportsmen. This is not a political arena, however, and anyone who plans to make it one had better stay home." In such a stand, the Olympians might even set an example for the politicians. As it is, they have proved themselves only

foolish and inept on a field where they should not be playing at all.

It is the function of sport to bring out the best in men. It is the function of the Olympic Games to bring out the best in sport. "For momentary politics are permitted in Olympic affairs," Avery Brundage himself has said, "the Games are finished."

We can only hope and pray that Mr. Brundage is as peer a sportsman as he is a diplomat, for politics have entered Olympic affairs with a vengeance at the Olympics' own invitation. We should not like to think that the Games are finished.

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

## THE IRONIC PEACEMAKER

In a sassy sulk after the Braves' Hank Aaron knocked him out of the boy With a double one day last month, Grand Patcher Sam Jones roared:

"You can tell Aaron that the next time he sees me he's going flat," Jones's teammate Willie Mays, a less volatile sort, admonished the husily jostling reporters. "Don't print that." "Sure, print it," snarled Jones. "You shouldn't print it," Mays retorted.

But the papers did print it, and when Jones faced Aamon last week for the first time since his throat a roaring crowd in Milwaukee was anxious to see just how far Toothpick Jones would carry his big talk. Jones blithely

up his guards, Aaron pointed his bat at the mound, and the deafening pitch came looping in to the strike zone. Hank Aaron did not duck, blink or hit the dust. He hit instead a vicious liner to third base and smack into a double play. For Jones, honor had been bloodily secured.

The real damage came later — and, ironically, from Peacemaker Mays. In the eighth he came roaring in from first to score on a double, slid and broke the left leg of Outstar's Eli Rife, who was blocking the plate. "It wasn't Mays's fault," said Rife gallantly. "He had to slide, that's baseball. But he certainly slides hard."

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did same in 1955. Mays caught Harvey's throw, but Harvey, inside of his left leg, fractured the tibia about an inch above

ankle. Both men had to leave the game, but Mays' shoulder injury did not bother Giants, who handily won the game 11-2.



**ROYAL EYES** Queen Elizabeth, her Queen Mother Elizabeth and Princess Margaret are focused on the starting line of the world's most famous horse race, the venerable Derby at Epsom.



## ALL EYES RIGHT

The eyes of some British royalty and commoners alike were framed in these frames last week as they hurried down the backstretch.



left and into the home stretch, too, at Tattersall's Center. And if only a fourth of those present could see the finish, that was all right, too, for this

was the Queen Derby, the greatest horse race, carnival and picnic of them all. Winner of the 180th running was Parthia (1), said to be the

fastest horse in all England, who made up to run the mile and a half in 2:06. The Queen's horse, Fainted James (2), was seven in the clear, ran fifth.



SEEMING VAST FLAT FLOOR. CONRAD IN HIS COMANCHE BEATS DISTANCE RECORD SET LAST AUGUST BY CAPTAIN HARRIS L. BOLING

## THERE WAS JUST ME

THE PICTURE ABOVE shows an epic moment in the history of flying. It was taken a few minutes after 9 a.m. last Thursday morning near Van Horn, Texas, at just about the point where Max Conrad, who usually makes his living ferrying planes to Europe for the Piper Aircraft Corporation, crossed the invisible line that marked a new record in long distance flight. In his blue and white Piper Comanche 260, Conrad had set out 53 hours before from Casablanca, Morocco, and had scudded along over sea and land mostly at 100 feet or so. He went on from Van Horn for another five and a half hours to land at last in Los Angeles, 7,583 miles from his takeoff point, more than a

third of the world away. The only reason he did not go farther was that he literally ran out of country—he had 30 gallons of gas left in his tanks but he had no place left to go.

### COMING JULY 8

*There's Conrad, a few days from water in the Atlantic, 100, 150, even 200 miles off what has been called "the greatest solo flight in performance" since Charles Lindbergh.*

For the 53 hours 38 minutes of his flight Conrad, a gray-haired grandfather of 56, was probably the loneliest and most committed flier since Charles A. Lindbergh. His tiny Comanche carried more than its own

weight in gasoline—nearly 500 gallons, 380 pounds more than it had ever taken aboard before. Once in the air, Conrad could not possibly land his plane until its burden of fuel was consumed. His route, which he had chosen because of the boost he could expect from the trade winds, was almost entirely over empty ocean. He never saw a ship or plane. "There was," he said, "just me." But to Conrad it was all worthwhile, for out of his extraordinary ordeal he hopes to reap a harvest of publicity for flying, particularly for a youth aviation program to which he has dedicated most of his efforts for the last decade. He comes by his strong feelings for children and young people naturally—he has 10 children of his own, five of whom were on hand in San Francisco below to greet him when he flew his stout ship home. **END**

IN SAN FRANCISCO NEXT DAY CONRAD IS MET BY CHILDREN FRANCISCO, 9; LUPELO, CHRISTINE, 15, ANN, 7, MOLLY, 11, AND TERRY, 15





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# IT'S AGONY, UPSETS AND HOPES

U.S. track prospects are  
brightening in this  
pre-Olympic year—and Kansas  
is still the best bet for  
the NCAA title

by **TEX MAULE**

**T**HE track at Modesto Junior College in California's San Joaquin Valley was very hard and very hot, and, before the spillover of the runners kicked tiny pits in it, it looked like a smooth gray cement highway. As the runners lifted their feet into their starting blocks for the 100, the packed crowd quieted. Track crowds in California are mannerly and knowledgeable; they seldom stand at the end of a powerfully contested race and they sit mute at the beginning as they did for this race, watching Olympic Champion Bobby Morrow and San Jose State's ne-Ne Ray Norton.

At the gun the field dashed out of the blocks in a multicolored surge, and in the first 26 yards, a youngster from the University of Oregon named Ronnie Cook had won the race: he was four yards in front of Morrow and Norton, and he was three yards in front 89 yards later. He ran very smoothly, his face showing little strain, his hands relaxed, and he tied the world record of 9.1 seconds.

Norton, who finished second, was watching Morrow and didn't notice the flying Cook until it was too late

to do anything about it. Indeed, it was probably too late 10 yards from the blocks, so explosive was Cook's start. Morrow, who was to win the 220 later in a very creditable 20.5 seconds, finished fifth. He had worked hard for the 19 days preceding the meet, and he said later, "My legs were dead. Maybe it wouldn't have made any difference anyway, but they felt dead."

Norton, although he lost the 100, showed clearly that he was a ranked race among the two or three best sprinters in the world. He closed rapidly on Texas' Ralph Alspough in the anchor leg of the sprint relay race, which saw Texas set a world record of 32.6 seconds. Norton also overtook Texas' Eddie Southern on the anchor leg of the 880 relay, running a magnificent 19.8 for the 226 yards and doing it easily and under control all the way. Now, especially in view of

the misfortune which befell Morrow a week later in Houston at the Meet of Champions, Norton can claim to be the best sprinter in the country.

(The California Relays at Modesto on Memorial Day and the Compton Relays a week later, and, last Sunday, the Meet of Champions in Houston, the National Association of Intercollegiate Athletics championships at State Falls, S. Dak., and the Central Collegiate Conference championships at Milwaukee were the final major track meetings before the American National Collegiate championships this Friday and Saturday in Lincoln, Neb., and the National AAI championships on Jan. 15 and 20 in Boulder, Colo. The AAI championships will decide the makeup of the U.S. team that will meet the Russians in Philadelphia in July.)

The two California sprinters at  
modesto



OLYMPIC STAR MORROW WAS STRUCK DOWN BY A PAINFUL MUSCLE SPASM

Modesto and at Compton—produced heartening performances for American track enthusiasts. Aside from the brilliant sprinting by Cook and Norton, there was the prodigious javelin throw of Al Castello, a first lieutenant in the U.S. Marines. Castello broke the world record in the javelin at Compton, throwing 282 feet 3½ inches on his third attempt and giving the U.S. added strength in an event where strength has not been very apparent until recently. (Bill Alley of Kansas turned in a fine 264-foot 6-inch throw at the CCC meet.) Castello, who attended LaSalle College during his undergraduate days, had never reached 260 feet officially before. He is a short, thick-chested athlete who has taken up weight training in the last year. "My biggest problem has always been to relax," he said after his record throw. "I guess that's the big problem most track athletes face. Doing the best you can without conscious strain."

#### COMING CLOSER

In the hop, step and jump, an event traditionally underplayed and understaffed in the U.S., a pair of Americans provided hope at Modesto. Alvin Anderson, representing the Southern California Striders, set a new American record with 32 feet 3½ inches. Herman Stokes, too, the same club, did 31 feet 6½. This is still a couple of feet short of the world record held by Oleg Ryabkovsky of the U.S.S.R., but it indicates a growing interest in this rather esoteric event which may mean that by Olympic time, the U.S. will have contenders in this event.

In all three of these events, incidents contested by some of the finest runners in the world, the results often turned on psychological factors, or on the minutiae of training which cut off a tenth of a second in an athlete's time. Cook, the surprise winner over Morrow and Norton at Modesto, listened to Wilbur Hunt, the coach at Winston Salem College, the day before his race. His starts had been poor and Hunt told him to stay down longer out of the blocks instead of straightening up quickly. The result in the 100 was a 9.3.

The 440-yard run at Compton, where had been held once a match between world record holder Glenn Davis and Texas' Eddie Southern, who has run only a tenth of a second off

Glenn's 45.7 record, was won, surprisingly, by Mike Larrabee of the Southern California Striders in a surprise 46.3. Davis and Southern, recent javelin stars, faced each other. Southern, who had never beaten Davis in a major race, hung doggedly to the Ohio State star's shoulder through the first 300 yards and then, trying to pull away from Southern, ran that first 300 too fast. In the one-turn race Southern and Davis were ahead of the field coming out of the turn but neither of them had anything left for the stretch run. Larrabee passed them easily, and Colorado's Chuck Carlson passed them, too. Southern gained a medium of satisfaction by outrunning Davis down the stretch to finish third.

"I don't care much about losing," Southern said later. He was stretched out on the infield, his face beaded with sweat, his chest still heaving. "I don't care about that. But I out-thought him down the stretch. This was getting to be too big a thing for me. I was thinking about it. I fought him off in the stretch and I don't care about losing. I thought he was running too fast but I wanted to stay on his shoulder. I'll be all right for the NCAA and the AAU now."

Southern and Davis ran again the next night in Houston. Both of them flew all night from Los Angeles. Davis, tired and 10 or 12 over what he considers his best weight, had a particularly trying trip. His plane was an hour late out of Los Angeles to begin with, and he had bought a box lunch to eat on the flight. His seat was next to an active dynamo, and Davis, trying desperately to sleep in order to store up energy for the next night, finally landed the compartment with the box lunch. He ate an apple, gave the rest to the boy, who finally subdued.

Then Davis, on a hot, very humid night and on a track much slower than the track at Compton, beat Southern in 45.3 seconds around two turns. "I felt pretty good," he said, later, grinning. "I'm glad I didn't eat the box lunch."

Morrow, who has been the nation's best sprinter for several years, ran into disaster in Houston. He skipped the Compton meet and arrived in Houston fresh and strong, and in the 100 there he started very well. At 50 yards he was running beautifully, two yards ahead of Bill Woodhouse, his smooth, relaxed stride eating up the track. Then, suddenly, in mid-

stride, he broke and began to fumble, his head pressed against his left thigh high up near the hip. Woodhouse went on to win the race, but needed it unnoticed. Morrow, after a few painful steps, lay down on the track and rolled in agony. He was carried off by two trainers.

Later, lying on a rubbing table in the dressing room while a trainer applied an elastic bandage to his thigh, he appeared relaxed. "I've had cramps before," he said. "Usually at night after a hard race. This was the first time during a race. I think it's all right



**CONCENTRATING** on step later, Chuck, Bud Winter of San Jose club, sprinter Ray Norton, a student of relaxation.

now." He moved his leg gingerly, flexing it carefully. The leg moved easily, without giving him pain.

"Maybe it's only a muscle spasm," he said hopefully. Later he jugged a little to loosen the leg, and it was likely that it will keep him out of the AAU meet. He ran better in 1:20.00 yards in 1949 than he had all season, according to his coach, Alvin Carman's Oliver Jackson.

Morrow's condition was pronounced as a theory expounded at length by Bud Winter, Ray Norton's track coach at San Jose. Winter, who has put together a remarkably strong track team



at San Jose State despite the fact that he has no track scholarships and a track budget of only \$2,000 for the season, is probably the nation's finest exponent of relaxation.

"I taught relaxation during the war to pilots," he said late one afternoon last week, sitting in the skimpy wooden stands at San Jose State, watching his athletes work in the still-bright California sun. "We were losing pilots in training because they were too tense. Pilots who had been fine in training tensed up going into combat and were lost. Pilots on Guadalcanal couldn't sleep at night because the Japs were sending over nuisance bombers to disturb their rest. We had to figure out some way to relax them. We worked out a program that taught pilots how to relax themselves, and we ran a test on two platoons, 40 men in each platoon. The 60 who learned how to relax did better in everything which requires physical coordination."

He watched Norton run, the lean, handsome boy moving very easily, his hands flopping.

"Watch his lower lip," Winter said. Winter is sun-searched, intense man who talks very rapidly, as if his ideas outpaced his words. "That's what we work on. The lower lip and the hands. If his lower lip is relaxed and flopping when he runs, his upper body is loose. If his hands are relaxed, his arm muscles are relaxed. You got to run relaxed to get maximum speed. If you have antagonistic muscles working against each other, you're working against yourself."

Winter loosened his jaw and flipped his lower lip with his hand.

"Like that," he said. "It's got to be loose. Now, here's what we do. We take a kid's a good sprinter, we time him over 40 yards. We let him take a flying start, then, three times in a row, we get his time over a 30-yard stretch. Say a good sprinter, he'll run that 40 yards in 4 seconds that maybe. Three times in a row we time him, 3 seconds flat, with him going all out, straining. Then we say, 'N.K., now, do it at four-fifths speed. Don't strain.' So he runs it at four-fifths speed and we time him and he comes up to me and I say, 'What do you think your time was?' And he'll say, 'Oh, maybe 3.4, Coach' and I'll show him the stop watch. You know what? Nine times out of 10, he's run it two-tenths of a second faster. He's run 3.8. You believe that? It's true."

He stopped to ask a pole vaulter if

a new pole suited him. "It's got a belly in it," the vaulter said. "Does it bother you?" Winter asked. "No, Coach," the boy answered. "I put it in. It helps."

Winter turned back. "Take Norton," he said. "He was tensed up a little last year. Now he runs easy, relaxed. When he ran the 9.3 not long ago, he was real loose. When he crossed the finish line, his hands were limp, his mouth was open and loose. The tough thing is to teach a boy to keep that relaxation under the strain of strong competition. We have a course here in relaxation that I teach. I make the boys want to take it. Now Norton can run under stress and stay relaxed. That's why he's better."

Norton, involved with final examinations, did not run at Compton the week after the Modesto meet, nor at Houston; Morrow ran very well at Houston but the tension was there in him, and it is possible that that tension, in a runner who is normally the most relaxed sprinter around, helped the studies maddenscape along.

The two California meets helped point up the strength of Coast college teams for the upcoming NCAA meet. An uprise team, Oregon, must be reckoned with; Cook, with his new start, has to be rated among the best college sprinters; Otis Davis, a remarkable athlete who ran his seventh quarter mile at Modesto and won in 46.2 seconds, is a likely point-getter in his event; Dave Robinson, the dasher star, is also a good high hurdler; and Jim Givile is one of the three best college miles in the country.

But off the shortings in these penultimate meets, Kansas must still be considered the strongest team in the NCAA competition. Allen is by far the best collegiate javelin thrower. Broad jumper Ernie Shelby finished second to Los Angeles State's Joel Wiley in the Compton meet, but Wiley (who did 34-2 1/2) at Modesto is indigible for NCAA competition, and Darrell Horn, of Oregon State, who is probably the next best collegiate broad jumper, does not figure to challenge Shelby too strongly. In Charley Tobrel, Kansas has one of the best low hurdles in the college ranks, and Kansas has all-round point strength to go with its stars.

Briefly, by event, the NCAA looks like this: in the **100-YARD**, Abilene Christian's Bill Woodhouse, San Jose State's Norton and Oregon's Cook are the class of the field. The **200-YARD** should go to Eddie South-

ern, who is just beginning to hit peak form, although Jack Yerman of California, Chuck Carlson of Colorado, and Otis Davis of Oregon could upset Southern. The **400-YARD** should belong to North Carolina's Dave Seurlock, who administered a sound thrashing to Ernie Curdille of Stanford at the Compton meet and ran 1:49.8 in doing it. Joe Mullins, a Nova Scotian attending Nebraska, has done 1:49 flat, and George Kerr of Illinois is up close. Oregon's Grele, Ed Moran of Penn State and Oklahoma's Gail Hodgson (who did 4:48.4 at Houston) should fight out the **MILE**. The **THREE-MILE** belongs to Miles Eisenman of Oklahoma State or John Mary of Houston. The **HAND-ICAP** are a dogfight between Hayes Jones of Eastern Michigan and Elias Gilbert of Winston Salem. Dick Howard of New Mexico is the best in the **400-METER HURDLES**, unless Southern doubles in the quarter mile and the 400-meter hurdles, a nearly impossible feat.

In the field events the state of Oklahoma owns a monopoly in both the shotgun and the **POLE VAULT**. Two Oklahoma State vaulters—Anthony Bosley and Jim Graham—have done 15 feet 3 inches this year and Oklahoma's J. D. Martin has done 15 feet 4 1/2. No other collegiate vaulter is in their class. Oklahoma also has the nation's best collegiate **SHOTPUT** pair in Dan Erwin and Miler Lindsay, a London, England, transplant. Erwin and Lindsay managed a record of sorts at Houston, when Erwin won with 58 feet 1 1/2 inches and Lindsay finished second with 57 feet 1 1/2. Their combined total of 115 feet 3 inches is the best combination result by two members of the same team. Al Chertoff and Bill Nisner of Kansas did 114 feet 10 inches young. In the **DISCUS** Utah State's Jay Silvester is the best. De-fending champ Don Stewart of SMU should again outstep everyone in a wide open **HIGH JUMP** competition. Two other almost certain winners are Shelby in the **BROAD JUMP** and Al-ley in the **JAVELIN**.

All in all, the U.S. has produced a bumper crop of track athletes in this, the pre-Olympic year. The American youngsters, in direct contradiction to the contention of Avery Brundage (31, Feb. 2), seem to be growing stronger, faster and quicker.

If they can learn to relax, this country is in no danger of becoming a second-class track power. **END**

# AT HOME IN

*German shorthair*



*Cocker*



*Pointing spaniel*



## The pointing dogs

One of the most dramatic experiences for a hunter in the field is the sight of a dog on point, his body tense and rigid, his nose extended in the direction of game. Once the pointing dog is frozen in this attitude, he will remain for a minute or an hour. If need be, while the hunter creeps up to flush the bird. For the pointer's job is to work out ahead of the hunter and when he smells game literally to point it out to the man who follows him. This desire to point is instinctive and exists to a limited degree in all dogs. In the pointing breeds, however, it has been specifically developed and intensified over the years. These dogs have further been bred for speed and physical stamina to enable them to hunt quickly and skillfully over vast areas of game cover. For the upland bird shooter, particularly the quail hunter, whether he seeks his game on horseback or on foot, a pointing dog is certainly his most valuable companion.

*English setter*



*Gordon setter*



*Weimaraner*



*Irish setter*



# THE FIELD

Photographs by John W. Greenman

*Pictured on these pages in the poses characteristic of their performances in the field are the 12 most popular sporting dogs in America today. Each is an expert in his particular phase of hunting, but, like any expert, each must be trained to use his instinctive abilities with maximum efficiency. In this issue Sports Illustrated begins a four-part series that will teach you how to train your dog to hunt in the field.*



*Cocker-spaniel retriever*



*Poodle*



*Labrador retriever*



*Chesapeake Bay retriever*



*Welsh water spaniel*



*Golden retriever*

## The retrievers

Where the pointer's work ends, the retriever's begins. Easily the most rugged of all the sporting dogs, retrievers are specially equipped, both physically and temperamentally, for their strenuous job. Once a bird has been downed, the retriever is expected to locate it regardless of where it has fallen and deliver it back to the waiting hunter. Fine strength and a steady, determined disposition help the retriever do his job, but his most important equipment is his dense waterproof coat, heavy muscular structure and superior swimming ability which enable him to work under the most adverse outdoor conditions. Retrievers can survive, and indeed often seem to enjoy, freezing temperatures, icy winds and storm-tossed seas. For the duck and goose hunter, especially the northern hunter who shoots over water, a good retriever can mean the difference between a full game bag at the end of the day or a series of unrecovered cripples.

TURN PAGE FOR MORE DOGS



Bloodhound

Black and tan  
coonhound

Smooth hound



Dogue



Dachshund

### The flushing spaniels

Perhaps the most versatile of all the sporting breeds, the flushing spaniel performs a triple job in the field. Not only will he find game, he will also flush it to the gun and retrieve it. Smaller than the pointers, the flushing spaniel seeks his game close to the hunter and within shotgun range. This characteristic, combined with a natural retrieving instinct, makes him a particular favorite of the pheasant and grouse shooter who likes to hunt his birds on foot and at a reasonable pace. Because of the spaniel's versatility and his growing popularity, the editors of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* have chosen to begin this four-part series on field training with Stanley MacQueen's expert instruction on how to train the flushing spaniels (opposite).

### The trailing hounds

Whether he is a bloodhound on the scent of a lost child, a black-and-tan after coon, a bogle or a baset after rabbit or a dachshund after badger, the trailing hound is a plodding and determined tracker. His amiable, relaxed, almost lazy disposition, however, has made him so adaptable as a family pet that in recent years he has spent more and more of his time indoors and much too little of it in the field. Yet these very characteristics which have induced families to bring him indoors as a pet, coupled with a superior nose and surprising physical endurance, qualify the hound as a steadfast hunting expert. And the deep resonant bay with which many of the hound breeds mark their progress on the trail lends a particular and unforgettable excitement to the chase.

American  
cocker  
spanielEnglish  
setter  
spanielEnglish  
springer  
spanielWelsh  
springer  
spaniel

## FIELD TRAINING: PART I

# THE FLUSHING SPANIELS

by **STANLEY MacQUEEN**  
with **VIRGINIA KRAFT**

*Illustrations by Sheldon Fink*



Stanley MacQueen, above, is the first of four experts who, starting with this issue and continuing through the summer, will teach you how to field-train your sporting dog. Stanley, the third generation of MacQueens to take up gun-dog training, has spent the major part of his 29 years working with flushing spaniels. This interest began in childhood under the guidance of his famous father, the international spaniel authority Larry MacQueen. Today father and son together train and handle more than 100 spaniels every year at their Ramothie Kennels in Patersonville, N.J. In the ultimate test of gun-dog training, the MacQueens have been represented at every national spaniel field-trial run in this country, and they have won national championships three times.

*Most hunters who have ever owned a gun dog agree that with few exceptions these dogs also make fine house pets. More surprising, perhaps, is the fact that many house pets make excellent gun dogs without losing any of the qualities which endear them to the family at home. Cocker and springer spaniels are particularly adaptable to the dual role of hunting and house companions. They are easy to teach, eager to learn and generally enthusiastic by nature. Given proper training, almost any spaniel can fulfill both roles and add immeasurably to his owner's enjoyment. He should, of course, first learn the simple rules of living with people. When he has mastered the commands to sit, to stay, to come when called "How to Educate the New Family Dog," SI, July 14 & 21, 1958) he is ready to take to the field. For most spaniels, the right age will be between 8 and 9 months. Up to a year and a half, the average dog can still be taught to hunt, but work beyond this age training may be more difficult. Regardless of when field training begins, however, it is important to remember that dogs, like people, are individuals; some learn more quickly than others.*

TURN PAGE FOR TRAINING



*Training period sometimes pop to gunfire in the field.*



*Don't miss important popping with "Bucks" and "Bucks."*



*When you're popping in the field, pop to gunfire in the field.*

## First time in the field

The opening phase of field training is easy and very informal. It involves no more than taking the young dog out in the field as often as possible to acquaint him with all types of birds and game cover. A spaniel is born with a natural desire to hunt. Your job is to encourage this instinct, and to assist, by making his outdoor sessions fun. Keep them short, a half hour every day, rather than several times a week once a week, and stop them, for a few days if necessary, when the dog seems to be losing interest. The basic equipment you will need is a collar and lead, a whistle (police variety: \$16), and a 22-caliber blank training pistol (\$7.99). Always take the dog ahead on the lead, and before releasing him make sure you understand you are the boss. Let him run free for a few minutes while he works off excess energy, then walk along in the direction he wishes. When you are ready to go, call him back. Each time you call him, follow the command with several short whistle blasts. Eventually he will learn to associate the whistle signal with the voice command "Come." If he is slow at first, be patient, and avoid excessive correction. It is more important now that he develops interest in a variety of cover than that he obeys every command. If he is reluctant to enter heavy brush at first, encourage him by going in first. When you come to water, let him splash and play in it. After the dog has been afield several times, accustom him to the sound of gunfire by shooting the training pistol in the air. Make sure he is at least 100 yards away from you the first few times you fire so that you don't startle him. Gradually decrease the distance as he becomes used to the noise. When you are ready to leave the field, for home, reward the pup with stroking and praise as you put him back on the lead. Remember that the most important part of this early training is to make it fun for the dog. It will be many seasons afield and must be short.

*When you're popping in the field, pop to gunfire in the field.*





*Training probably starts right in the owner's yard.*



*Arm signals direct puppy; whistle used to get his foot.*



*Useful moment of hand-and-stick dogland.*

### Responding to field directions

A flushing dog must stay within range of the gun, not more than 40 to 50 yards from you, and have all eyes around you. (See previous page) you learned how to stop him by whistle any where in the field. The next step is to send, or rust, him off to hunt in another direction. Begin with the dog in its position. Send him to the left or right by moving your arm and body in that direction. Accompany the arm signal with two short whistle blasts. The double whistle blast is used to send flushing dogs in directions; the arm-signal indicates the direction he is to go. As the dog runs about 40 paces, whistle him to stop. Then, with your arm and whistle, send him in a new direction. Repeat this signal daily until he understands them. When hunting, you will be able to control the distance he ranges and the area he hunts.



*Quick response to arm signal; whistle used to get his foot.*



*These whistles and body signals are used to get his foot.*



*The dog is running; whistle used to get his foot.*



*Quick response to arm signal; whistle used to get his foot.*

### Responding to flushed birds

When you have acquired control of the way your dog ranges in the field — this takes many months of dog training — then you get the dog to respond to a flushed bird. Use a second dummy (H.B. instead of a bird for this training). At first, the dummy is used to represent a flushed bird. Holding it in your hand, while the dog is at. Throw the dummy in front of him and fire the training pistol. If he starts after the dummy, repeat the same (the dummy is not pulled sharply on the rope. The dog should remain steady until you give the signal to retrieve. Repeat the exercise, gradually moving farther away from the dog. Each time, throw the dummy closer to him. This will tempt the signal to break. If he does, never let him immediately. Repeat the exercise when he is steady. This is one of the difficult exercises to teach, but when the dog learns it, he is ready to go hunting.





## Ready for the hunt

The most fun and the most interesting part of training a spaniel for the field begins when you take him out into live game. It can also be a trying time for the novice trainer because his dog must have a number of new experiences. This will be the young spaniel's first encounter with birds that fly, with the louder noise of a shotgun instead of a training pistol, and with having birds shot over him. You can make it easier for two dogs and one person to work together to control him, if you take along a friend to do the shooting. A .410 shotgun on the first few hunts will also be less startling than a bigger, noisier gun like a 12-gauge. Pigeons are still the best experience birds to use during these first-shooting sessions. Before taking the dog into the field, shoot several pigeons and plant them at intervals in the cover. Then with

your friend walking slightly apart and ahead of you, start the dog hunting. You will have greater control over him if you limit his range to a maximum of 20 yards at first. Be on the alert at all times for signs of game. As soon as the dog flashes a bird, whistle him to sit. This is called "bopping" to the guns. Although he should automatically do this now, he may forget at the sight of a flushed bird. Anticipate such a mistake by using the whistle command as often as necessary. The dog should immediately assume his position while your friend shoots the bird. Then send him after it. When the dog has had some experience on pigeons, take him to a natural game area or shooting preserve to acquaint him with pheasants. And don't expect even the lightest dog to be an expert ruder away. He will become one only with practice.



TURN PAGE FOR MORE SPANIEL TRAINING

### High point of the hunt

The reward of these training sessions afield and the high point of the hunt will come when your spaniel retrieves his first wild bird and brings it triumphantly to you. This is the climax of the season; you have worked with him in the field, and it is also the moment when a sportsman realizes that, besides a pet, he owns a useful and intelligent gun dog. When you whistle him back after the bird has been docketed, remember that the dog will expect and deserve some praise from you. Give it to him enthusiastically, because now he is a hunter and has earned it.



### TRAILING HOUNDS

*Part II of this series on field dog training will appear in an early issue. In it, Fred Huyler draws on his 20 years' experience to tell you how to train trailing hounds.*



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*The car that's  
wanted for all its worth!*



## Coronet for the table

**The crown roast, an old-fashioned dish as decorative as it is delicious, can be the crowning glory of a dinner party**

**T**HE LAMBLY DASH on the opposite page dates back to the Victorian era, when food was supposed to look as beautiful as it tasted. A *pois au sautoir* of rare accomplishment, to be varied imaginatively with different fillings and garnishings, the crown roast of lamb is one of those special creations for the table that can be truly rewarding to the artist that lurks in every cook.

When I was very young and living on a cattle ranch near the Arizona border of California, we naturally killed and ate our own beef, but lamb was as great a rarity as could be imagined. It had to be ordered by letter from as far away as Los Angeles, and it arrived, expensively, as a whole carcass dexterously thrown off a passenger train by the expressman.

An orgy of lamb cuts followed, for this was the early 1940s, long before the era of modern refrigerators and freezer lockers. We started the lamb-eating cycle with the glorious crown roast. We proceeded, more or less happily, through roast legs of lamb; then, less enthusiastically, we ate boned shoulders, although these were frequently turned over to the pigtailed Chinese cook in the blue coolie suit who cowered without skill for 40 cowhands in the bunkhouse. But no matter how much meat had been given to the bunkhouse we always ended up at home with something called minced lamb on toast, which my mother evidently considered the only made-over lamb dish in Fannie Farmer's bible that our turnover of cooks could produce. On these occasions my father was usually served an entire T-bone steak.

The crown roast, however, is a dish of happy early memory with which I have experimented pleasantly over the years. It is shown here filled with a green purée of peas, decorated with watercress leaves and garnished with cooked carrots.

### CROWN ROAST OF LAMB (serves six)

Cookbooks say that two chops per person are enough to allow, but I prefer to allow about three. For six people lay two sides of lamb chops (the 16 best chops on each side, or a total of 32 chops). Have the butcher arrange them as in the picture, tying them in two places with string to form a circle. Lay him tie a piece of string over the bottom of the crown and fill up the hollow interior with the ground "tail" of the chops. A butcher is a creature of habit and the experts to follow these instructions,

nevertheless, they will keep him happy and the whole thing made still if he is needed. However, before sending to him the piece of string and four-fifths of the ground meat (covering the hamburger of lamb for a meat loaf next day), I found meat does not cook very satisfactorily inside the crown, and the sage, if left on, melts into a sea of grease. But the small amount of ground lamb retained as filling will help preserve both the flavor of the chops and the shape of the crown.

Place crown in a shallow roasting pan, covering the tops of the chop bones with a narrow strip of aluminum foil to prevent charring. Set in a preheated 350° oven for 1½ hours for chops that are pink, basting the lamb bones frequently with the fat that collects in the chops. Before serving, three year old (or the little bit of ground meat that is cooked) in the center and place the crown on a platter, garnishing quickly and mounting carefully with the hot filling that has been rendered.

### FILLING FOR CROWN ROAST

#### 1. Purée of green peas

Roll 4 packages of frozen peas according to package directions, with a pinch of soda and, if desired, a sprig of mint. Drain and put through strainer of mechanical kitchen mixer, if you have one of these, to form a stiff purée. Toss with ½ cup heated heavy cream, ½ pound of butter cut in bits, salt and white pepper to taste.

If the cooked peas are put through a sieve by hand, the purée will be thinner and should be thickened by heating in a double boiler with 3 slightly beaten egg yolks, together with the same amounts of cream, butter and seasoning as above.

#### 2. Purée of cream squash

Cook 4 packages of frozen mashed or "shipped" yellow squash in double boiler with butter, cream and seasoning as above, whisking to make it fluffy.

#### 3. Purée of chestnuts

Unseasoned chestnut purée from Fannie is available in cans, or boiled chestnuts may be prepared by any cookbook recipe and put through a sieve. In either case, figure on using about 4 cups of hot purée. Beat in a little heavy cream, salt if needed, ½ teaspoon of cognac and a drop or so of brandy to complete the filling.

### GARNISHES

The lower part of the chops can be decorated with 1) carrots cut to size desired after boiling, which can be lengthwise halves, or canned tiny carrots; 2) heated blanched asparagus (these can be bought in jars, or 3) cooked fresh or frozen asparagus spears.

Watercress or mint leaves provide a finishing touch, either on the chops or around the edge of the platter.

## A three-cornered struggle

**Black Hills is the newest threat among the 3-year-olds, and he can prove it by winning this Saturday's 91st Belmont Stakes**

To the majority of racing's traditionalists the Belmont Stakes, which is to be run off for the 91st time this Saturday, is far and away the most important event on the American 3-year-old calendar. Its testing conditions—scale weight of 126 pounds over the true classic mile-and-a-half distance—have over the years separated good runners from mediocre ones and stamped the Belmont winner as leader of his division. In the last 13 years, 10 winners of this great race finished the season with the 3-year-old championship.

This week's race, although it will be skipped by Kentucky Derby winner Tony Lee (who is being treated in California for the June 27 Holly-

wood Derby), may not boast the best field of recent years, but it now seems likely that it will provide one of the more interesting. In one corner, for example, is Sword Dancer, who after disappointing in the Preakness last month came back two weeks later to run the best race of his career in whipping older horses in the Metropolitan Handicap. In another corner is Mrs. Halina Braunstein's Preakness winner Royal Orbit who could do no better than a non-too-impressive third in last week's Peter Pan. And now, right between them, steps still another logical contender. His name is Black Hills, and if you haven't heard too many impressive things about him before now the reason is simply that cagey 78-year-old Max Hirsch, who trains Black Hills for Robert J. Kleberg's King Ranch, never intended this bay son of Princequillo to reach the peak of his form until right now—this week. "I would rather win the Belmont Stakes than any other race in the country," said Max, the other morning as he strolled leisurely through the King Ranch barn. By Black Hills' stall he paused for a moment. "This colt has had some stomach trouble on and off this spring," he continued, "but because of it I've had a chance to do some stalling for time with him. He's a deep-shouldered horse who runs high on the outside, and he looks to me like a regular staying type. But to tell the truth Black Hills hasn't yet looked like a real good runner. If he's going to show it at all the time is now."

Only a day after Max Hirsch had made these pointed observations Black Hills popped up and proved he was ready to show it. Naturally the mile-and-an-eighth Peter Pan, in which he won over Bagdad and Roy-

al Orbit, was hardly to be taken as a literal preview of the Belmont. Royal Orbit was top-weighted at 127 pounds, while Black Hills got a much lighter. And while Max Hirsch really wanted no win this one, Royal Orbit's trainer, Reggie C'conelli, was not about to punish the California invader just a week before his major objective. In fact before the race he said cheerfully, "I'm going to let him just gallop along and do what he wants. And we're certainly not going to beat him up or anything. If he runs along nicely I won't be disappointed if he loses." And right after the race—in which Royal Orbit lost by four and a half lengths to Black Hills—he added, still cheerfully (he would, in fact, have sounded irritatingly cheerful to onlookers who had made Royal Orbit an obdurate favorite). "Sure, he may have lost a bit in the stretch, but I'm perfectly satisfied. This is a big rugged colt who doesn't like his races too hot apart. Now that he's had this pace over the Belmont track he'll be much better next week. Wait and see."

Sword Dancer's victory in the Metropolitan, in which he carried one pound over scale weight and still decisively trounced 10 older horses by reeling off the mile in 1:33 1/5, was probably as fine a performance as has been seen on any track this year. Having beaten Royal Orbit in the Derby and then lost to him in the Preakness, Sword Dancer's brilliant comeback in the Metropolitan naturally started his young trainer, Elliott Rabin, thinking out loud about their third important meeting. "True, Sword Dancer was really rated for the first time in the Metropolitan," he noted, "and actually he's very easy to rate. But remember that the start of a race often dictates the ultimate tactics. In the Metropolitan, Sword Dancer didn't look particularly fast, and because of it Shemaster had a perfect opportunity to do a job of rating him. In the Belmont,



TRAINER MAX HIRSCH is expecting that his sophomore Black Hills' Belmont aim.

(Continued)

## suggested schedule for Father's day-

(Approved by the Jantzen  
International Sports Club)



### *First Thing:*

Put his newspaper and  
"Ken Venturi" golf shirt  
on the breakfast table,  
his golf clubs in his car.

### *Second Thing:*

Sing "Happy Father's Day"  
once, but only if you must.

### *Third Thing:*

Do not dwell on the shirt and  
its one hundred percent cot-  
ton content when you pre-  
sent it. The fact that it is the  
"Ken Venturi golf shirt" in  
a pliofilm gift wrapping is  
enough. Say to dad, "So  
now, ha ha, you're a member  
of the Jantzen International  
Sports Club!" Avoid first  
names, "gav'ner" & "pater."

### *Fourth Thing:*

Let him play golf.

### *Fifth Thing:*

Surprise him; pay for the  
Father's Day gift your-  
self. It's \$5.95, and comes  
in four sizes, from small  
to extra large, in subdued  
tones appropriate to the  
guest of honor. You'll find  
it at most stores that cat-  
ter to the better fathers.



Ken Venturi, charter member of the Jantzen International Sports Club,  
in Father's Day ritual. Photo by Tom Krillip.

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CHARLES GOREN / Cards

## Responses to opening bids

**I**T IS DIFFICULT to overestimate the role of the responder in the selection of the final contract. In many cases he is able to make an immediate diagnosis, and at such times he should act with conviction. At other times the future of the hand may not be clear-cut, and it will be necessary to make a series of temporizing bids until he finds out more about his partner's hand.

The responder has certain mileposts upon which he may fasten his eye. Regardless of the number of conventions that from time to time find favor with the general run of players, one principle has remained constant: an opening bid forcing an opening bid will produce game.

Since the normal minimum opening bid contains about 13 points, this is another way of saying that a combined partnership holding of 26 points will usually offer a good play for game.

The responder's first duty is to decide whether to give the opener another chance to speak.

**RESPONDING WITH WEAK HANDS** Even with relatively weak hands it is usually good strategy to give the opening bidder one more chance, for the opening may have been made on a hand of considerable strength, sometimes as much as 21 points.

It is necessary therefore to respond with relatively weak holdings.

We do not mean to imply that responder should bid with nothing at all, for if he has less than six points a pass is usually the correct procedure. But if he has a weak hand which does include six points he should take some action, and that action comes in one of three forms.

1) A response of one no trump, which is based on six high-card points and may run as high as nine or 10.

2) Raising partner from one to two in a suit. This is done with hands worth seven to 10 dummy points.

3) By bidding some suit at the level of one. This is no guarantee of strength. In fact, we occasionally shade a one-over-one response to five points instead of the standard six.

When you are contemplating a raise in partner's suit you must provide normal trump support, that is, at least four small trumps or Q x x. You must also be sure that you have at least seven dummy points to contribute to partner. Dummy points are made up of high cards and short suits. High cards are treated at face value, except that the king or queen of trumps may be promoted one step if your honor count in trumps does not already total four. The dummy's short suits are valued as follows:

Add one point for each doubleton.

Add three points for each singleton.

Add five points for a void.

These weak raises are offered when the second hand has passed. Where, however, the second hand has taken action, partner of the opener should have a rather good raise, not less than nine points.

While a one-over-one response is frequently made on cream-puff values, a take-out at the level of two must be accorded greater respect.

Responder must be constantly aware of the level at which he chooses to act. Sometimes enemy action will render him *hors de combat*.

**RESPONDING WITH STRONG HANDS** The most usual way for responder to announce strength is a raise from one to three in partner's major suit. This call should be based on 13 to 16 dummy points, and also at least four trumps. Except when made by a player who passed initially it is forcing to game.

The raise from one to four in a major suit is a specialized bid which shows a great many trumps but not much in the way of high cards.

When responder has an overpowering hand, one on which he may anticipate a slam, he makes what is known as a jump shift. A jump in a new suit announces that the responder has a hand worth at least 18 points and that he is interested in a slam.

### A QUIZ ON RESPONSES

1

♠ Q J 5 ♥ K Q 10 ♦ A J 3 ♣ A 8 5

Your partner opens with one club.  
What is your response?

2

♠ None ♥ A J 5 ♦ Q 9 8 7 6 4 ♣ Q 4 2

Your partner opens with one diamond.  
What is your response?

3

♠ A 10 7 6 3 ♥ K 10 5 ♦ A 3 2 ♣ 9 8

Your partner opens with one heart.  
What is your response?

4

♠ K 10 4 3 ♥ K 9 8 5 ♦ A ♣ Q 10 5

Your partner opens with one spade.  
What is your response?

5

♠ K 10 3 ♥ K Q 10 9 8 ♦ A 3 2 ♣ 8 5

Your partner opens with one heart.  
What is your response?

6

A ♠ Q 9 8 5 ♥ 5 4 ♦ 7 2 ♣ A Q x x

B ♠ A J 10 5 ♦ ♥ K J 2 ♦ 7 2 ♣ 8 7 3

| NORTH | EAST | SOUTH |
|-------|------|-------|
| 1     | 2    | 1     |

What is your response?

FOR QUIZ ANSWERS, TURN PAGE

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**CARDS** mostly a good

## GOREN'S ANSWERS

- 1** Three no trump. This announces the strength of an opening no-trump bid: 16 to 18 high-card points in a hand distributed 4-3-3-3. If the opener goes on, he does so knowing responder's precise strength and distribution. A diamond response, while not incorrect, could lead to needless complications.
- 2** One heart. This hand lacks the high-card values for a jump to three diamonds and, furthermore, that bid would leave you in a quandary if partner went on to three no trump.
- 3** Two hearts. A response of one spade while not technically wrong is tactically inferior. Should you bid one spade and partner rebid two hearts, you will have reached an impasse. If you take no further action there is the danger of missing a game. If you raise to three hearts this would be advertising a stronger hand. This hand of only moderate strength (8 points) is worth only one constructive bid. Where responder's choice lies between bidding his own suit and raising partner's major, choose the raise on hands of moderate strength.
- 4** Three spades. Your hand is the equal of an opening bid and has ample trump support, so you should insist on a game contract. Nothing is to be gained by showing the hearts inasmuch as the singleton diamond should direct you toward a suit contract rather than no trump.
- 5** Two hearts. Despite the impressive array of trumps, your hand is worth only nine dummy points, eight in high cards and one for distribution. You should not be unduly excited by the fifth trump.
- 6a** Pass. This hand will tempt many players, but observe that a free bid of two spades would force partner to the level of three, with the future not clearly outlined. A free response in a higher-ranking suit at the level of two must be based on values approaching an opening bid.
- 6b** Two hearts. Definite action must be tempered with caution. We cannot approve a bid of two spades, so recommend a free raise which designates a fairly good hand.



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BASEBALL / *James Murrey*

## *A night in the Coliseum*

Big league baseball is no longer a novelty, but still the thrills spill into Los Angeles' Coliseum to watch the perennial race in the game's strangest but most exciting setting (turn the page)

*Photograph by John Brown*

THE  
L.A.

SPORTS  
ILLUSTRATED

SEPTEMBER 1988

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**Thunderbird's size:** The Thunderbird offers all the room for four people that you get in bigger luxury cars. The trunk holds four big suitcases, golf bags, plenty of other gear.

**Thunderbird's price:** The 1959 Thunderbird actually costs far less than other luxury cars. See "America's most individual car" at your Ford Dealer's. Better still, drive it.

**BASEBALL** continued

## ... Dodgers after dark

**L**ONG BEFORE the crowd came, the sun was dipping redly behind the peristyle of the Coliseum, a stiff westerly was blowing the 48-starred flag straight out toward the mountains, and the sky above was a deep and darkening blue. The temperature was in the 80s. It was, as usual, a perfect night for baseball in Los Angeles.

The Dodgers were at home, and the opposition, this last Friday night of the home stand, was the Chicago Cubs. At this precise moment, in thousands of homes throughout southern California, harassed housewives were shoving the evening meal hastily in front of the men of the house and sometimes the young men of the house. For there would be no work or school tomorrow and the place to be, this balmy evening, was, clearly, at the old ball game.

In San Bernardino two young insurance salesmen poked their sedan cautiously out onto the freeway and straightened it out for the 75-minute, 60-mile run to the ball park. In mid-Los Angeles a visitor from San Jose piled his wife and 3-year-old son into his station wagon, snatched a supply of blankets and headed to the Coliseum; at a midtown hotel two girls from Connecticut hailed a cab and instructed the driver to take them to the game. In Hollywood a Czech-born chemist and his Irish-born wife phoned friends and invited them to share their box.

Before they—and the rest of the swarms of spectators—got to the turnstiles, the Coliseum was ready for them.

"Remember," screamed Head Usher Gino Creamer at his crews of red-jacketed hangers, "these are your paying guests. But it will be a light night. So see to it they don't move down on you. See to it they get what they are paying for and no more. And no lateral traffic. It blocks the view of those on the side."

In his office over the ticket windows, Ticket Manager Harold Parrott cast an appraising eye out over

the ocean of empty seats, glowing orange in the fading sunlight. "We should do 18,000 tonight," he said expertly. "There'll be plenty of box and reserved seats. Everybody wants box seats. Everybody's got money." Behind him, his daily operations manager, Gordon Gerster, offered an opinion. "It's because of television. Television makes everybody a front-row customer." A skeptic disagreed. "It's because of L.A.," he said flatly. "L.A. makes everybody a front-row customer. How many people call up they want seats? In a stadium that seats 90,000, they're worried!"

In the counting room 15 sacks of money (\$200 in change in each) were rushed out to the 25 ticket booths that would be open this night. Sixty-five ushers lanned out to their stations. 30 washroom attendants disappeared from view, and 35,000 tickets were placed in the box offices just in case. At \$7 per night per usher, \$9.15 per ticket taker and \$12 per ticket seller plus \$1.80 an hour for washroom attendants and the 60-man crew of sweepers who scour out the stands after the game (they once found a toad), the Dodgers have a healthy investment in the evening's proceedings even before the high-priced athletes take the field.

### NIGHTS AND DAYS

In the concessions office Manager Tom Arthur also calculated his gamble on the evening. "This heavy night schedule hurts us," he admitted. (The Dodgers play only 12 day games, all but one of them on Sunday.) "For one thing, people have already eaten by the time they get to the game. For another, daytimes are better because your cold stuff moves. At night only the hot stuff sells."

Arthur also prays for a one-sided game. A 2-1 game is the despair of the concessionaire. The fan is too preoccupied to be hungry. "Your best bet is an 80" double-header in the daytime with the Dodgers leading 8-2 in each game. The disappointed

continued

fan is likely to become an emotional eater, but on the other hand he's likely to walk out. He never walks out if the home team is ahead. He wants to be in on the kill."

Arthur also takes his responsibility to the public seriously because "this place is owned by the taxpayers and it's taxpayers' money here. I want to give them the best. I get sworn affidavits from a bonded laboratory as to the protein content of our hot dogs. And our hot chocolate is only 20 calories a cup."

The Dodgers share in the restaurant receipts but not the concession management (which has to answer only to the *Coliseum* commission). They "never give us any trouble and have never modified," reports Arthur. In fact, they have consistently staged "special" fares in addition to the tra-

ditional: "They're more easily pleased," he grinned.

The game on this night was a severe test of their ability to remain pleased. In the third inning the visiting Cubs picked up five singles, a double, a sacrifice fly and a walk. The Dodgers graciously threw in three errors, and suddenly the score was Chicago 8, Los Angeles 3. Only one spectator got up and stormed out muttering, "It was E.J. Busse. Busse, the Dodgers' *can* vice-president and *de facto* general manager."

In the section behind the left field screen the insurance man from San Bernardino—Cody Jordan, late of Hartford, Conn. and Jerry Marker, late of Jamestown, N.Y.—fell into relaxed conversation. "Do you think we could get good-season tickets to the Rams football games?" they wanted to know. They wanted the game to watch paper airplanes *wedge* into

space and Los Angeles just aren't going to be rivals the way the old Dodgers and Giants were. I mean, you won't get that 'drop dead' stuff. If the Giants can't win the pennant, I want the Dodgers to win it. I mean, I'm from the West Coast, see? I'd rather see the Dodgers beat Milwaukee than see the Giants beat the Dodgers. And if the 49ers can't win at pro football, I'd just as soon the Rams do."

On the field at this point Starlin Boldy, Lellis kicked up with his third error. Even for Los Angeles this was too much. "And a local boy at that!" mapped a man in a third-base hat as he rose to lead the cheering. In another section a writer friend of the *Creek* cheered the crowd with fascination. Suddenly he found himself joining the cheering. He was still in a state of weariness over his behavior later: "You know," he marveled, "I'm normally a pretty reserved guy. In fact, earlier tonight, I was a little annoyed at the drunk behind us. Not that he did anything out of line. But he was so loud and aggressive. Now it comes to the late innings and I'm doing the same things here. Only I'm not drunk."

**BASEBALL IS GAMING**

He shook his head and considered what baseball was doing to him in the vast auditorium of baseball fans the *Coliseum* had become. "I used to think baseball was for truck drivers and juveniles. There's still a lot I don't understand about it, but my wife has got me interested. I don't even know whether I like being interested or not. I get so mad at the Dodgers when they lose and I get mad at myself for caring. I mean, I don't want to be content. But I am."

On the field the Dodgers struck back for three runs, and the *Coliseum* was on its feet cheering wildly, screaming victory. "That's another thing about L.A.," observed Jack O'Brien. "They're optimistic. They could catch rust and make a worse slug grouse at a loser. They always see a way to win. In Brooklyn, they usually expected the worst. They could see where they could lose."

On the field, pinch-hitter Rip Repulski hit into a double play, and even in L.A. it was possible to see where the Dodgers could lose.

High in the grandstand seats the glib from Connecticut didn't much care. The weather was of more moment to them. "Lordy, why didn't

*Continued*



AT DARE DAY GAME ONE OF 12 THIS YEAR, HUGE CROWDS REAGERS TO FAR OUTFIELD

dilettante ladies' night, such as "family day," and days for Knottshakers and uniformed Little Leaguers. At one Milwaukee game only 10,000 paid, but the crowd totaled over 78,000. A crowd of 95,579 showed up at a Cardinal-Dodger Sunday game, but only 21,670 were paid.

True to Parron's prognosis, there were 18,257 fans in the *Coliseum* by game time. Utter and Field Crew Chief Jack O'Brien, a Brooklyn émigré, smiled as he watched them pour in and philosophized about their differences from an Ebbets Field crowd. "They're more good-natured. They're more patient. They come later. They go home earlier." Did they enjoy themselves as much? He was pressed.

the iron screen. "You can tell the game is boring when that begins to happen," said Marker. "I don't think it's boring," said Jordan. "I'm rooting for Moe Drabowsky. I used to play ball with him in Hartford and he left the tickets for us tonight."

A few seats away Norm Von Marbo, the visitor from San Jose, was observed rooting for the Dodgers. "How come you're for the Dodgers if you're from San Jose?" he was challenged. "You're supposed to be for San Francisco."

Von Marbo, snugged in blankets out of which an enormous eagle peeped, cheerfully flicked an ash. "That's a thing you have to understand," he said patiently. "San Fran-

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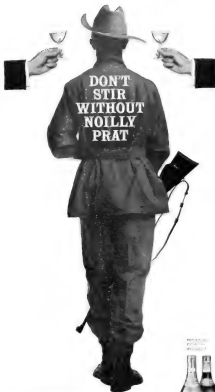
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#### BASEBALL continued

someone tell us it would be this red?" answered Betty. Folsie, as she and her girl friend, Pat Carney, huddled for warmth. They looked enviously at the blanket-wrapped natives. "This place is too big for baseball anyway," opined Betty firmly, and she contented herself with applying lipstick.

The crowd grew more desolate as the game droned on, and the chatty buzz of conversation put syllables in the air that smothered more of an outdoor cocktail party than a baseball crowd. A Coliseum crowd is always well behaved, by baseball standards. No one has yet attacked an umpire physically. Not one beer can or pop bottle has been tossed on the field. The crowd cannot be said to have gotten on any player as yet. "We try to encourage them, not insult them," a Beverly Hills doctor, watching the game with amateurs, observed.

#### VINE LA DIFFERENCE

To a transplanted New Yorker all this was baffling and faintly frustrating. "They're just not baseball fans!" he wailed. A friend leaped on him. "Why not?" he demanded. "Who says a baseball fan has to be a loud mouthed? You know the old story about the difference between the California race track crowd and the crowd at Jamaica?" In California, they yell "Please, Baby, do it just this once. Stop up there, Sweetie, you can do it." At Jamaica, they yell "Don't die now, ya lousy, goldarned dog, or I'll kick ya all the way back to the barn." It's just a difference in psychology." The New Yorker retorted, muttering unrepentant.

Encouraged or not, the Dodgers finally rolled over and died against the Cubs on this night. Because it was Friday, most of the band scurried for the final cut. In the press box, the wires tapped busily as the field lights dimmed and winked out. As the fans filed out, the public-address system boomed the final totals and concluded: "Please drive carefully on your way home, and thank you for your attendance."

A fan stopped and his face grew red. "Don't thank us," he bellowed. "Give us a ball team." But the rest of the crowd just laughed and slapped their thighs. They thought it was a good joke. The complainer was disgusted. "They're glad just to have a team," he muttered gloomily. "They should get the Phillies." **END**

## BOXING'S DIRTY BUSINESS

continued from page 25

Boston sidewalk one night in 1933. "We're not going to let this go by," Palermo continued. "It might take a long time but we'll get even." A telephone call to Leonard, whose phone was by now being monitored by police, repeated the theme. The voice said: "It'll be with a pipe wrapped in a paper sock. You'll be standing in a crowd and you'll never know what hit you. Remember what happened to Ray Arnel."

And there came a call from Carbo. "You know who this is," and Leonard recognized the voice. "Nobody ever did this to us. We're going to meet at the commonside."

Again Leonard and Nemech turned to Truman Gibson in Chicago by phone. Gibson heard their story and told them, "My advice to you is to run, don't walk, to the chief of police." Nemech asked Gibson to "go to your boss," and get him to "call off the dogs." "Who," Gibson inquired, "do you mean by my boss?" Nemech replied, "Jim Norris." Said Gibson: "I'll tell Mr. Norris, but what has he got to do with Blinky?"

Nevertheless, Truman Gibson recorded in his own voluntary testimony before the California Athletic Commission, he did call Jim Norris. And shortly thereafter, Gibson testified, he got a phone call from Blinky in Los Angeles, and "I told him that he was being very silly and very foolish. What the hell was he doing in Los Angeles? And to cut out things that were out with high-button shoes."

And Palermo did indeed get out of town—so fast that he was not around to tell his part of the sordid story when the state athletic commission began asking questions shortly after noon, on May 29.

Neither was Frankie Carbo. On the day the commission started asking questions, Carbo's whereabouts were officially unknown, although the New York County district attorney and a New York grand jury had been looking for him for 10 months to answer a 16-count indictment for illegal matchmaking and managing. Ironically, on the morning of May 30, someone who had been looking for Carbo all this time caught up with him in New Jersey. He was out on bail, awaiting an extradition process to New York, on the night of June 3 when, almost exactly as Jackie Leonard had been warned, Jackie received

up to pull down the garage door and something hit him from behind.

At week's end Jackie Leonard was still suffering from partial paralysis on one side of his face. Dan Nemech and his family were under a police guard for their own protection.

Los Angeles police were still looking for the men who slugged Leonard.

Frank Carbo, had revolved, was in jail in Camden, N.J., fighting extradition to New York.

But the underground businessmen who are trying to rule boxing were still ripping their muscles. On June 4, an Oakland, Calif., promoter named Don Chargin, a partner of Jackie Leonard's, got a phone call. "Stay out of Los Angeles," the voice said. "You saw what happened to your buddy Leonard."

"I've got a family," Chargin said later, "and I don't want to talk too much about these things. None of us are heroes."

But it could be that California, and the rest of the country, have by now heard enough to bring a determined public drive to clean up the dirty underground businessmen of boxing, beginning with the men responsible for the naked and contemptuous violence visited upon Leonard.

This violence, and what it reveals in the shadows, may even be enough to strip the smile off those who, up to now, have shown a boys-will-be-boys attitude in the face of previous exposures of boxing's dirty business.

This April one of the ablest of syndicated sportswriters, ridiculing the facts and the halfhearted ways of Cas D'Amato, manager of Floyd Patterson, told his readers with cheery sarcasm that "the fat fight industry needs a great big shot of Sinister Influence, triple-strength, quick, before it wastes away and dies of Moral Up-BILT." He called for the return of Carbo "to restore the healthy glow of corruption." "Frankie, come back!" he cooed in conclusion.

The era when such a line could be written, even in sarcasm, and read with enjoyment, has now come to an end.

The prevailing two-tone may very well have been struck by Sports Editor Charles Givens of the San Francisco Chronicle, who wrote: "The brutal beating of Jackie Leonard is one of those things you couldn't believe could happen. It is a throwback to the days of Capone. It strikes at the very core of justice. It is a slap in the face of all decent people." ■■■

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## MANTLE

Continued from page 1

ever hit a ball up so high against the façade in right field at Yankee Stadium. He hits home runs left-handed and he bats them right-handed—whichever way, no one else has ever done such a consistency before—and also your best 50 at bats.

In 1959 he led the American League—in fact, all of baseball—in batting and home runs and runs batted in. Another two-headers, 200, but no more championships because Ted Williams hit even higher. Twice, before his 26th birthday, he was named the Most Valuable Player in the league. He has had some great years, and he is only 27 now.

He has also had some bad years, particularly when you consider how good Mickey Mantle might be, truly twice as big as most men, twice as fast as 100 runs, and his lifetime average after eight seasons and despite the two great ones is only .318. For the normal big league season, for the very good one these days, this would be superb. But not for a Mantle.

Much of the trouble, of course, is due to injuries. He has been hurt often, particularly in the legs, and frequently these have been injuries which could put others on the bench. "He never played a game for me," says Stengel, "that he wasn't all lined up. I ask him how he feels and he says, 'O.K.' I ask him if he wants to play and he says, 'I want to play.' So I need him and I let him play. What should I do? Tie him to the bench?"

There is also the matter of Mantle, the human being. He is not a very complex human being, but he is still a human being and therefore complicated enough. He came up to the Yankees at the age of 19 from the farm and mining country of Oklahoma, a man physically but a shy, scared boy inside, dressed in an ill-fitting 58 suit. He had been raised to be a ballplayer and that was all that he knew. "Sometimes he cries," says Stengel, "when he struck out." He received faulty financial advice, he was conversationally unable to satisfy the writers with the club, he knew how to accept neither the adulation nor the bossing heaped upon him.

Today Mantle is no longer scared, although even with these he knows he remains shy until he knows them very well. He is a very wealthy young man, with one of baseball's biggest salaries and two profitable outside-business interests. He drives well in a beautifully cut suit, drives a big car, eats at the best places, plays golf at the best clubs. No longer does he live in Commerce, Okla., but in Dallas, Texas, the most fashionable, most political city in the Southwest, where he has built a large new home.

His appetites have increased with fame and financial security, and to-



THE OLD WOUND flared once the scratched edges of Mr. Clegg's live Yankees began to look like Yankee again.

day this is the criticism one hears most often. On Babe Ruth, who hit 60 home runs, living it up looked good. On Mickey Mantle, who may never hit 50 again, it brings baskets of dark, disapproving frowns. If, they say, this kid, with all his great talent, would devote himself to baseball, if he would live and think baseball and take care of himself, he could become the greatest player who ever lived. Maybe so. Certainly Mantle agrees, at least down on the field, for no one ever tried harder to succeed or suffered more when he failed. But somewhere along the way, when the big decision came up—whether or not to live like a Trappist monk and supplant Ruth and Cobb in the record books and earn \$300,000 a year—Mickey decided to enjoy life and earn only \$80,000 a year and be content with being merely the most colorful and

exciting and best ballplayer in his league during his own time.

So while the adulation he receives seems greater than ever before, so are the losses.

"They've almost done that," he says, looking up at the tripledecks of Yankee Stadium. "I'm good at now, I don't really mind. I guess they just can't do it twice to me here." What only means that Mickey Mantle can't understand. They have him because they love him and want to see him perform miracles daily, and when he doesn't it makes them mad. To the eyes which peer down from

Yankee Stadium seats, he is still a child and there is disappointment that he is not growing up the way they hoped.

Whether it is too late now for the miracle, or never, no one really knows. He has been stealing bases as never before, but even Stengel admits that this was simply because the team was not hitting and they had to get some runs some way. "I like to run," says Mantle, "but he never let me go on my own before. There wasn't any need to steal when someone would usually drive you in. I guess now that we're hitting I won't do much running any more."

"We weren't hitting," says Clegg, "so I let him go. But it's taking too big a chance. One pickup somewhere on a close play and then what do we do?"

"I don't mind," Mink says of all this, "as long as I'm hitting."

Mantle has been hitting well despite the fact that patches seldom give him anything good to work on and despite his injuries. He wraps his right knee before every game, and his right shoulder, which he hurt in a collision with Red Schoendienst in the 1957 World Series, still troubles him when he swings left-handed very hard. Worse, it hurts when he raises his arm above a certain height, and this has forced him to make some small but bothersome alterations in his stance.

If Mantle continues to hit, the Yankees will probably win the pennant again, especially if he continues to play the way he did during his two-week reign of terror. He may never make anyone forget Ruth or Cobb, but he is a whale of a ballplayer nevertheless. As McDougall says, the kind who can carry a team. **END**





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**BEGINNING** *the extraordinary story of Jack Johnson, the Negro fighter whose brilliant skill won for him not only the first championship of the world, and for himself a life of spectacular excess and ultimate tragedy*

# BLACK HAMLET OF THE HEAVYWEIGHTS

by FINIS FARR

ON a fine afternoon in the spring of 1897 a professional boxer and circus roustabout named Bob Tomlinson, who was traveling through Texas with a carnival troupe, found himself in difficulties. Tomlinson performed in a tented ring, offering \$5 to anyone who could stay four rounds against him. Few of the large boys, ranch hands and freight huckles who tried for this prize survived even one round, and none had ever been upright at the end of four. But on this balmy afternoon, in a vacant lot on the outskirts of Galveston, trouble overtook the carnival man in the person of a tall, gangling 19-year-old Negro named John Arthur Johnson.

Throughout three rounds the youth easily avoided Tomlinson's rushes or tied him up at close quarters, smiling all the while with the kindly air of a dining-car attendant or a Pullman porter. Tomlinson decided the time had come to bail young Johnson into the canvas curtain, behind which lurked a confederate waiting to slap a blackjack against the curve of his skull. But Johnson refused to be crunched, tossed his adversary halfway across the ring and then whipped over a belly punch that made the tough grifter's eyes bug out. Tomlinson was barely able to back through to the timekeeper to tap the gong. And the \$5 which Johnson thereupon collected were

the first of the estimated \$2 million which he was to earn through his fighting skill.

This early triumph of Jack Johnson, the first Negro to become heavyweight champion of the world, had the authentic stamp of his amazingly fast reactions. The raillike quickness in defense and electrifying speed in the counterpunch owed something to his work on the Galveston waterfront against enemies armed with knives and baling hooks, and to the swift reflexes required in jumping off boxcars and sniping through freight yards when pursued by railroad cops carrying metal-weighted billes. The bout in which he took the starch out of the ragged showman also demonstrated a feature of Johnson's own showmanship: while working he liked to chat with the crowd, and even with his opponent, beaming benevolently and inquiring as to the other boxer's health.

"I devoutly hope I didn't happen to hurt you, Jeff," Johnson would say from time to time during the fight in 1910 in which he shocked the white people of the world by his easy mastery of the huge Jim Jeffries. The ring conversation had been considerably less urbane two years before, when Johnson took the championship from Tommy Burns. On this occasion the men traded insults as well as blows, but that was because Burns would have it so.





Ordinarily, Johnson liked to see people happy and contented, and he sometimes paid tribute to the craftsmanship of other fighters, as he did in Paris while defending his title against Frank Moran in 1914. All through the match he was clearly ahead of Moran, who displeased the unanimously anti-Johnson crowd, including Gaby Deslys, Mistinguette, Maurice Chevalier, the Dolly sisters, the Princesse de Polignac and the novelist Elzior Glyn. Moran finally landed a good punch, and the crowd went wild, flooding around the Velodrome d'Hiver at the frenzied fans. Johnson politely stepped back and joined in the applause, pounding his gloved hands together and bowing cordially to his opponent.

"My sincere congratulations, Frank," he said, flashing toothy and phantasmic smile. He then broke Moran's nose with an uppercut. It was not Johnson's habitual practice to punish other boxers so severely. But in this case Jack's fire power had been reduced when he broke a bone in his left arm while fighting a Negro known as Battling Jim Johnson a short time before. In addition, he was badly out of training from a diet of champagne, cotton clops, caviars and beer, which he usually drank through a straw. It was therefore a tactical necessity to inflict real damage on Moran.

Other things being equal, Johnson was content merely to keep order in the ring, particularly in his hundreds of exhibition bouts and sparring demonstrations. This was exemplified in 1910 when the champion went two rounds with Colonel Anthony J. Drewel Biddle, redoubtable amateur boxer, professor of mayhem to the U.S. Marine and author of *The Life of James J. Corbett*. Although Biddle was obviously gaining for a knockout, Johnson at first merely expatiated, "Now, my boy, there—don't get yuhself stirred up," until stung by a sharp blow, whereupon he strikes the colored one. The blow with considerable force, causing him to take a less intelligent attitude.

It would have been almost beyond belief, and a matter for extra editions of the newspapers, but—astonishing in the largest type, and Robinson are greater—was indeed in putting Johnson on the floor. Aside from Jack W. Jeter, who took the championship from him in Havana in 1915, only a few professional accomplished this feat.

(Continued)

**JOHN ARTHUR** is a member of the *Playboy* magazine editorial staff, and has been named the previous and of two leading public commentators.

was Joe Choynski, a powerful Niter who caught Johnson's eye and flattered him in the third round of a match which ended in a raid by Texas Rangers. Legend has it that Johnson subsequently perfected his superb defense under the veteran Choynski's coaching while the two hours were serving their four-week sentences for the illegal prizefight. Another fighter who flattered Johnson was Stanley Ketchel, who put him down during the 12th round at Colma, Calif., in 1908, apparently in violation of previous arrangements. Johnson instantly arose and knocked Ketchel senseless with a blow that ripped off his front teeth at the roots.

This proved that when the spirit moved him the great defensive fighter could throw a deadly punch. His virtuosity made his performance look deceptively easy, like the dancing of Ray Bolger or Fred Astaire. This seemingly negligent technical mastery cost Johnson the referee's decision in a bout against the mediocre Marvin Hart at San Francisco in 1913, though at one point he knocked Hart halfway out of the ring. Johnson always thought of himself as a basically aggressive fighter; the aging Bob Fitzsimmons could testify to this when Johnson knocked him out in 1917. Johnson said, "I was always attacking—my attack was to counter the leads I forced."

**N**EVERTHELESS, many learned men of the newspaper and sport page theorized that Johnson lacked initiative. The real experts knew better. One of these was Thomas Aloysius (Tad) Dorgan, the Hearst cartoonist and writer, who recognized Johnson's genius early in 1901. Damon Runyon said simply, "He can fight." And with all the evidence before him, the boxing historian Nat Fleischer wrote in his authoritative *The Heavyweight Championship*, "After years devoted to the study of heavyweight fighters, I have no hesitation in naming Jack Johnson as the greatest of them all."

Standing a quarter of an inch over 6 feet tall and weighing from 185 to 220 pounds when ready for business, Johnson resembled Bernard Shaw's fictional prizefighter Cashel Byron in being so beautifully balanced he seemed to be made of cork. He also resembled Cashel in his love for fine clothes and high living, just as he was like Gene Tunney in his leanings

toward the works of heavyweight authors, claiming Herbert Spencer as his favorite for whiling away an idle hour, with Dumas and Hugo next in his esteem. Indeed, it appears that Tunney was not the first pugilist to take an interest in Elizabethan drama, for an essayist writing at the time of Johnson's last ring appearances in the late 1920s recorded that Jack was "conversant with the works of Shakespeare, having delved deeply into the volumes."

Nothing in Johnson's appearance, however, suggested scholarly pursuits. His broad face had the hammered-down look of primitive sculpture, and his head resembled that of Bree Fox's Tar-Baby, as drawn by A. B. Frost. Throughout his life Johnson frequently found that it suited his purposes to play the clown, but he could assume an air of regal authority on occasion; he was remarkably well cast, for example, as a captured Ethiopian general in a New York Hippodrome production of *Aida*. And he had his moments of genuine dignity. "When you write about me," he said in later life to John Lardner, "remember that I was a man, and a good one."

Johnson had experience in many fields other than prizefighting. Before his life came to its tragic end he had been a house painter, a dock worker, a coral fisher, a grocer, a clerk, a musician, a bullfighter, a volunteer secret agent in World War I for the U.S. Government, and possibly also for the Kaiser, a nightclub owner, a wrestler, a preacher, a physical instructor, a camp cook, an actor, a beer salesman, a political orator, a patron of the arts and one of the most celebrated convicts ever to serve a prison term in the U.S. He was rated among the biggest eaters and drinkers of his time and was probably also the only Negro ever to deliver an address on the golden rule before a klavern of the Ku Klux Klan. He was matched in a foot race with a kangaroo, in a swimming bout with a sea constrictor and in an extraordinary contest of another sort with Grigori Rasputin, the notorious monk at the court of Nicholas II.

Although his actual career was, to put it mildly, a highly unusual one, Johnson lived an even more remarkable fantasy life, which he often failed to distinguish from reality. It was not enough, for example, to experience an air raid in London during World War I: Johnson firmly

believed that a zeppelin was following his personal automobile through the streets, its pilot keeping him spotted in a spyglass. The same spirit of exaggeration caused Johnson to see his routine introductions to other celebrities as audiences in which he dispensed advice and counsel based on his deep experience and wisdom. In a world alien and unfriendly to men of his color—and often to himself in particular—Johnson no doubt felt the need of this type of imaginative reassurance of his own status as a man and a performer; when imagination failed, and the world insisted on enforcing its rules against him, the affable Jack could become extremely hard to handle.

**O**NE outstanding symptom of Johnson's underlying anger was his obsession for dangerous driving. From the time he first got behind the wheel in 1904 he was a notorious speeder, and six serious accidents from a similar pattern in his life. Another clue to Johnson's sense of resentment lay in his readiness to engage in brawls outside the ring. He was especially dangerous in this respect during the years just after his debut by Willard, and on one occasion in this period he dared to pay a London theatrical manager £1,875 for injuries sustained by the complainant in an argument over money.

Deploable as it was, Johnson's free use of his fists was less objectionable to the respectable world than his propensity for marrying white women. He married four times, and only the wife of his early youth was of his own race. In addition, Johnson made no effort to hide his dealings with numerous women to whom he was not married. Such a boldly uninhibited personal life, combined with his liberal use of liquor, made Johnson an object of moral censure on a nationwide scale. From every sort of pulpit preachers riled out against him before both black and white congregations, uplift societies passed resolutions condemning him, and the famous evangelist Billy Sunday crowed that his downfall before Willard was due to the "hellish, iniquitous booze" with which he was saturated.

Not all white Americans, to be sure, shared the Rev. Mr. Sunday's horror of hellish booze or even of Jack Johnson. One influential citizen who approved at least of Johnson was R. J. Coady, a red-headed Irishman who started the Washington Square

Art Gallery and edited a magazine called *The Ape*. In one of its issues there could be found, along with reproductions of works by Matisse and Picasso and photographs of aboriginal carvings, a camera study of Johnson as champion with accompanying text which proclaimed that "after Poe, Whitman and Emerson he is the most glorious American."

This minority report from the white world undoubtedly would have found full agreement among the mass of Negro people. Thus, slated in a cluster of star Negro heavyweights which included Hank Griffin, Joe Jeannotte, Sam Langford and Sam McVay, each regarded as equal to Johnson himself, though he managed to get past them all at one time or another. But what was more important to members of his race, Johnson was the only one among these powerful black men to have a chance at the championship of the world.

The title had been resigned in 1904 by the great and undefeated Jim Jeffries, and Tommy Burns disposed of the successor, Marvin Hart, in 1905. For a heavyweight champion, Burns was not very big, as he stood only 5 feet 5 inches tall, with a top-fighting weight of 160 pounds, but he had great arrogance and was fast on his feet, with a long reach and a hard punch. A native of Canada, he was christened "Smash Bros." and borrowed the name euphonically from a jockey when he went into prizefighting after years of toughening at lacrosse. In the two years he wore the heavy-wright crown Burns won 14 fights, defeating the Australian, English and Irish champions on their home grounds. During this time it was evident that he was in no hurry to meet Jack Johnson.

But by the end of 1908 it would no longer brush Johnson aside, for Jack was also hammering down all opposition, including several Burns's own victims. When they finally arranged to fight, champion and challenger turned down the parsimonious offer of London's all-embracing National Sporting Club and entrusted the general management of their bout to the Australian promoter who was known, far and wide, as Hugo Dool McElroth. A former bicycle racer and Member of Parliament, and the founder of the British milk-bus industry, Hugh L. McElroth expressed joyousety by his ability in buying up all the bunting in New Zealand just prior to the visit



FROM TOMMY BURNS, JOHNSON WON HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE IN DECEMBER 1908



FROM STANLEY KETCHEL, JOHNSON SUFFERED A RARE KNOCKDOWN IN 1909

FOR AM APPREH, JOHNSON HAD GOLDEN GOWN AS HE BEATED WHITE HOPE





JACK & WHITE WIVES included Rita Johnson, who, accompanied him in 1911. Just three months after Rita committed suicide.



In 1912, Johnson married Lucille Cameron, shown with him in front of the Black Knight Club in Astoria, Oregon, in 1913.

#### JOHNSON continued

of the U.S. feet, so that the official welcome had to pay his price before they could put out suitable flags.

McIntosh also earned Johnson's admiration when he talked a lumberman into lending the wood to reconstruct the arena in Rasmussen's Bay in the outskirts of Sydney, the lumber town nearest where the fight was over. And although McIntosh gave further evidence of his bargaining skill by cutting Johnson's end of the take to little more than expenses, both Jack and his manager, Sam Fitzpatrick, were content, for they felt sure that Burns would lose. On his part, the champion worked up confidence by a series of brags like those of Mark Twain's riverboat bullies. "I will bet a few planks the colored man will not make good!" he cried to the *New York World*. "I'll fight him and whip him." By Christmas night of 1908, the eve of the match, Burns and his followers were in a high state of optimism and sat up following *When the River Shows its Floor*. Johnson turned in early and got a good night's sleep.

Early next day the sporting population of Sydney moved in a solid mass toward Hazy Deal McIntosh's stadium, swinging wooden rattles, blowing tin trumpets and loudly predicting victory for Burns. The bell sounded at 11:15 a.m., before a crowd of some 20,000 men, and two women whose names were not put on record. Burns was aggressive as he went against Johnson's perfect defense and was immediately floored by a counterpunch. This was the first fight to be called "The Battle of the Century"

and also the first to be adequately photographed. The pictures still clearly show the champion's odd, angry frustration at his inability to damage Johnson.

"Who told you I was yellow?" Johnson inquired at the start. Burns replied with cursing and bad words, which were repeatedly returned. A British writer stated that Johnson's answers included such rounded lines as "You're white, Tommy, white as the flag of surrender!" Actually, nothing so elegant was said, but an authentic and printable remark from Johnson after a rush by Burns was, "You ain't showed me nothin' yet."

At the start of the 12th round a heckler yelled, "Give money Burns is there at the fight!" Johnson yelled back, "A hundred to one he don't blink my eye!" In the 14th round Johnson lefted Burns for a count of eight and was punching him silly when police entered the ring to save him from serious injury. Hazy Deal McIntosh, who was thriftily serving as referee, thereupon declared Johnson winner and new champion.

What happened thereafter was epitomized by the scorching press sent off from Sydney to the *New York Herald* by its special correspondent, Jack London. He compared what he had seen to an Armenian massacre, a hopeless slaughter, a funeral and a boat between a pygmy and a colossus. Burns never landed a blow, London related, and "a dead dog had more chance than he with the giant Ethiopian." And it all pointed to an inescapable conclusion: "But one thing now remains. Jim Jeffries must emerge from his alfalfa farm and remove the golden snail

from Jack Johnson's face. Jeff, it's up to you!"

Seldom has public opinion been more accurately expressed. The racial feeling in the dispatch was further emphasized by hundreds of lesser journalists, who frankly called the new champion "the black shadow on American boxing" and used the term "white rape" in reference to any possible challenger who was not a Negro. Johnson was also disgraced in England, where the London *Times* long shadowed the battles of Nottingham by referring to him as a "flash nigger," while the London County Council made no secret of its dislike in refusing to license him to fight Bombardier Billy Wells.

None of this seemed to disturb Johnson, who continued to do exactly as he pleased. Shortly after the Burns fight he started on a 30-week vaudeville tour of the U.S. and Canada, entertaining garden houses with a medley of bag punching, sparring and performances on the bass viol, an instrument he played by ear. He fired Sam Fitzpatrick, which was widely regarded as evidence of ingratitude and conceit. He disposed of a sturdy white boxer in Vancouver when he beat Victor McLaglen, later to be the only winner of a Hollywood Oscar who also had engaged in a heavyweight championship fight. But the heavyweight bouts were mostly so uninteresting that Johnson decided he could do better business with the world's middleweight champion, Stanley Ketchel, a bald, colored character who was a highly competent fighter. Ketchel came up to 170

—continued

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pounds for the bout and planned to give Johnson a terrible surprise. On the way to their respective camps at Colma, Calif., Johnson drove his 698 Thompson Flyer past Ketchel's white Lister at 62 mph on the wrong side of the road. Johnson showed a similar superiority in the ring, and all authorities agree that Ketchel bought upon himself what happened there.

A few weeks after his destruction of Ketchel, Johnson was in Pittsburgh and met a girl named Etta Duryea. He married her on January 28, 1911, an act which, since Etta was white, drew unfavorable comment both from the general public and from many of the couple's friends, but in the meantime Etta was with him when he set out with a party of secretaries, valets and professional pain-of-the-champion on a world theatrical tour. His first stop was London, where he opened the autumn season last season before large but not entirely friendly crowds. Johnson also got plenty of attention afloat, as when the landlady of Loughborough House on Northumberland Street in Paddington ran to court with a tale of smashed crockery and broken furniture. His next court appearance was in answer to a police summons for using bad language in Coventry Street. This complaint was dropped off, but when the law slapped him with a £1,500 judgment for breach of a theatrical contract, Johnson crossed the Channel into France.

**T**HERE was excitement in Paris almost immediately when Johnson got into a street brawl, which spread to a general riotous, over a real or fancied insult to Miss Duryea. Johnson landed several good punches and was quite amazed, like the members of the American Expeditionary Force some years later, at the expert manner in which Frenchmen kicked each other during the melee. The police were sympathetic to Johnson and all charges were dropped. Soon after this, reliable word came that back in the U.S. the white hope agitation had finally produced something worthwhile: big Jim Jeffries was on the point of agreeing to come out and face Jack Johnson in the ring.

The story of the fight, staged by Promoter Tex Rickard at Reno on July 4, 1910 (SI, April 29, 1937) and of Johnson's immense superiority to Jeffries, whom he finished with a tech-

nical knockout in the 15th round, is as well known as any in the history of boxing, for it was exhaustively discussed and reported by a corps of newspaper and magazine experts, together with such journalistic trained seaboats as the famous novelist Rex Beach, author of *The Spoilers*, and John L. Sullivan, last of the bare-knuckle champions. Johnson's victory sent a powerful shock through the entire country along the filaments of a great web of emotion which had the ring at Reno as its center. The news was spread, almost as rapidly as it would have been by radio or television, through various facilities across the land. The *Kansas City Star*, for example, engaged Convention Hall for a crowd of 14,000, who heard a blow-by-blow account, telegraphed from ringside and followed by announcements through megaphones. On Long Island a more select audience was gathered at the Edgemere Club, where William K. Vanderbilt Jr., Howard Gould, Lawrence Drake and others followed the action through the bulletin service of the Times. The clubhouse stationed in front of the Times building an agent who ran to a telephone booth and passed the word as each bulletin was passed. The flash that Jeffries had lost was received in the Edgemere lounge without applause.

The experts were almost as dazed and dumfounded as Jeffries himself. Some took the line that the fight had been at best an exhibition of brutality and so it didn't really matter who won. Others maintained that so horrifying a result meant the end of professional boxing and agreed with Sullivan when he intoned, "It will be the last big fight in this country." Tad Dorgan, of course, had no need to hedge or moralize, for he had predicted that Johnson would win. But on the whole the journalists were incredulous. One of the most learned and sagacious of them, Robert Edgren of the *New York World*, was able to believe that Jeffries had been given poison in his tea, and so maintained for years afterward. Jeffries himself may have come to accept the poisoned-tea theory in his old age, but what he said shortly after the fight had the ring of authenticity. "I could never have whipped Jack Johnson at my best," he told a reporter on the train going back to California. "I couldn't have hit him. No, I couldn't have reached him in a thousand years."

Conspicuously accepted from the

ranks of the mourners, of course, were the ordinary Negroes of America. The moment the news of Johnson's triumph came through, at about 3:45 p.m. Reno time, they rushed out in thousands, parading, dancing, shouting and beating tin pans. They soon encountered the police and parties of angry white men as well. That night so many were killed and scores wounded in the serious rioting which broke out in both the North and South. All this could have been avoided if Jack Johnson had not lived so high, or beaten Burns and Jeffries so badly, or even if he had shown the simple forethought to be born with a white skin. As it was, he left Reno for Chicago on a special train, carrying \$50,000 in a stout sack, the most controversial figure in America.

**N**OT long after, having established a home for his mother and sisters in Chicago, Johnson set out on a famous European theatrical tour, accompanied by Etta and a staff of servants and managers headed by his nephew, Gus Kleeber. Johnson's boxing and musical act was booked in Marseille, Lyons, Brussels, Berlin, Budapest, Bucharest, St. Petersburg and London. "I was a bigger attraction than the king," said the champion, referring to his arrival in England at the time of the coronation of George V. Johnson drew a crowd wherever he went, and his appearance at a London or Paris nightspot was always impressive, with his party the center of a scurry of waiters and wise stewards. He was frequently photographed in public resorts, surrounded by smiling dark and light faces and usually grinning at the camera over a clump of bottles.

Johnson was highly conscious of the difference between these surroundings and those of his hobnob youth, and the contrast set him thinking of a profitable way to dramatize his extraordinary advance in the world. Meditating on the more magnificent restaurants and nightclubs of London, Paris and Berlin on the tremendous distance he had traveled since his poverty-stricken Galveston childhood, Johnson concluded that he could be extremely happy as the managing director of a luxurious salon. Successful pugilists traditionally waited for retirement before opening taverns. But Johnson had a better idea: he would parade before his public as a professional host while he still

*remains*





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## What to Call Him?

John or Joe if he's a boy, but if he has four legs and runs,  
you can have a proper peck of trouble picking a proper name

by ERNEST HAVEMANN

**I**f you have ever had trouble naming a child, you should have seen the puzzled and puzzled faces at a recent family conference at our house. We had no real names for these new horses, two boys and a girl.

With human triplets, if all else fails, you can name the boys John and Joseph and the girl Mary. With baby horses, there are no old standards at all to fall back on. Regulations of The Jockey Club say that you cannot choose a name which has been borne by any other Thoroughbred within the last 15 years, which rules out no less than 200,000 names right at the start, including all the obvious ones like Old Dobbin, Black Beauty and Noddy Joe.

Moreover, as all racing fans know by now, the owners of a Thoroughbred are expected to exercise the utmost ingenuity in naming the baby horse after the parents. Devotees of breeding still cite the classic of all time, involving a colt by Questionnaire out of Delaney. The Greenree Stallion bred through and triumphantly named it Haah. The current champion is a filly by the little-known sire Pandemonium out of the mare Madam Chairman. Its owner had the inspiration to name it Under Order.

All great horses, the racing people say, have great names. Give a horse a stouthearted name like Man o' War and it will prove a champion. Call the same horse something frivolous like Swing and Sing and it will break up the track. (It so happens that there is a horse named Swing and Sing, and it does usually finish up the track. I know because I own it. But that's another story.)

You need a great name, an ingenious name and a name which 200,000 people have failed to find before you. And as if this were not problem enough, the rules also require that the name be not more than 15 characters

long, including all apostrophes, hyphens or spaces.

**W**hen I was a young man asking to own a race horse, the privilege of naming it was one of the great attractions. In fact I have been naming horses in daydreams all my life. There was one period when, in the unlikely event that anybody asked me a horse, I would have named it My Barbara, regardless of sex. You can guess why. There was another period when I dreamed of owning a Night Editor. This was because I had just decided to become a newspaperman.

But mostly during this romantic period of mine I liked to pick out names that had a poetic ring. I thought at one time that Sweet Venus might suggest about the most beautiful name available in the English language. My father, who had been a frustrated horse owner himself, was partial to Collier Two. Two decades later, these names no longer strike me as very pretty or at all appropriate. Even if I still liked them, they would not have helped in the other night. Among the 200,000 Thoroughbreds of the past 15 years there is a Sweet Venus and there is a Collier Two, but not to mention a My Barbara and a Night Editor.

**N**ow that I actually faced the problem, finding names was not nearly such a glamorous privilege as it had appeared to be. For one thing, the people who named the parents had been very little help. One sire was Berserkerough, a fine, resounding name, but meaningless. Another sire was Nahar, one more word which you will not find in the dictionary, biographical dictionary or gazetteer. One of the dams was Jinxy, a rare name but contrived. Another dam was Naremp Nenger, which means nothing except that her owner had



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had the devil's own time finding a name for an offspring of Nervous and Emphatic. We had four strikes on us from the start.

We piled the dictionary, a thesaurus and Webster's *Famous Quotations* on the kitchen table and got to work. As chairman of the meeting, I first called for suggestions on the fly, which is by Nahuatl out of Bostonian, by Black Norwest.

Mysenoid, "Call her The Rouser!" I gave him a withering glance and said, "Stick to something appropriate. There's not much as you do with Nahuatl. Her name does [Bostonian suggest]"

There was a long silence. When I thought the proper psychological moment had come, I slyly unveiled a name which had popped into my head the minute I bought the fly at the sporting store. "Houstonian Lilygold-er!" I asked and sat back to accept compliments. I thought that at the very least the name would endear me to my wife, as indicating that I held such a high opinion of her and of womanhood in general as to consider the beautician's trade superfluous.

There was another silence. "Nothing," my son said. "It's eleven o'clock," my wife said. "But it's ugly. Anyway, that's one of those quotations that eternally haunts Shakespeare's daft/foes 'till the fly," he said, "paint the fly." Do you want to call her Lilypainter? That's even uglier."

I brooded a while. "How about Vanity Vanity? You know, 'Vanity, vanity, all is vanity.' " This sounded slightly wrong to the rest of the family, more look-alike. The last actually goes "Vanity of vanities," which is more than 14 characters. We decided to table the fly momentarily.

Next was the coin by Ottobian out of Saravip Singer, by Saravip.

"Call him The Rouser," my son said.

"What's all this about The Rouser?" I asked.

My son is 13 and a rock 'n' roll fan. "Don't you ever listen to the records I play? Rebel Rouser is the greatest record ever made, hit the top 10 all last summer. We call it The Rouser for short."

"Derision out of Saravip Singer," I repeated firmly. "What does the breeding suggest?"

Finally my wife reached somewhere into the strange recesses of memory, back to an abnormal psychology

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#### WHAT TO CALL HIM? continued

the names we had selected, it turned out that most of them were completely baffled, as we had feared, by Fugue. They were mildly fond of Artifice. The one name they really went for, to a man, was The Rouser. They said it had a stouthearted sound, like *Mam o' War*.

ALAS, we were too optimistic, and far too naïve. When The Jockey Club screened our applications, it developed that there was already a Fugue in the files, aired, as we should have guessed, by the ghost Quarter-paint. There was also an Artifice. There was even a Rouser, this being an obvious name, as we should have suspected, for one of the many sons of the sire Stimulus. We had to start all over.

For the Nahar-Beautician filly we wound up with our first choice of the new names that occurred to us—False Colors. For the Grulsion-Narving Stager colt, The Jockey Club gave us our eighth choice. By that point in our list the connection between name and breeding had become tenuous, but we liked the name anyway: Laetitia. (There is a faint connection there, if you work at it.)

Our pet, the Bernborough colt, got a name which requires a little explaining. When my son heard that The Rouser was unavailable, he was naturally distressed. It is pretty devastating, at the age of 15, to lose your first great literary success, not to mention a chance to immortalize your favorite piece of rock 'n' roll. "Let's try all the combinations," he said. "Let's look for The Rebel. Also Rebel Rouser. Also Rouser Rebel. We're bound to get one of them."

I could only say, "Well, I'm dubious."

My boy said enthusiastically, "That's it!"

"That's what?"

"An even better name. Dubious. Let's call him Dr. Dubious."

So the colt is Dr. Dubious, in honor of two other entertainers greatly admired at our household. You remember, of course, the old Smith and Dale vaudeville act, *Dr. Kroschke*. ("Are you the doctor?" "Yes." "I'm dubious.") "How are you, Mr. Dubious?" This was funny a couple of generations ago and will still be funny long after rock 'n' roll has vanished; so maybe it's just as well The Jockey Club turned The Rouser down. **END**



lively nightspot he claimed it to be but because individual as well as institutional improvement was in the air, and his fame, his color and his notoriously free and easy manner of living made him a prime personal target for the reformers who now advanced in zealous ranks upon Chicago's sporting population. With plenty of material to work on, a crowd of clergymen, prosecutors and detectives, together with the members of a grand jury, began a fascinating scrutiny of Jack Johnson's private life.

Although he was tipped off that he was under investigation, Johnson made no effort toward establishing a more discreet pattern of conduct but gave his main attention to setting up a match with "Fireman" Jim Flynn (real name Andrew Chiariglione), the most vigorous of the current white hopes. The fight, Johnson's first since he defeated Jeffries, took place at Las Vegas on July 4, 1912. As in the case of Tommy Burns, police entered the ring to save The Fireman from serious injury, and the affair was neither an athletic nor financial success.

A sad and terrible thing now took place in Johnson's household: his wife Elita committed suicide in their apartment over the call. Johnson wept at the funeral but within a month was involved in scandal when one of his entertainers shot him in the foot during an argument over his attentions to a white girl named Lucille Cameron. The injury was negligible, but the situation which brought it about contained the seeds of disaster. Lucille, a bright and good-looking girl, had come to Chicago from Minneapolis to see life and get on in the world. She visited the Café de Champion, met Johnson and got a job as his secretary. Soon Miss Cameron's mother appeared, with lawyers, and threatened to charge Johnson with abduction. Nothing came of this, but the machinery of reform was now grinding harder than ever, and on November 12 Johnson was put under federal indictment on grounds that he had transported one Belle Schreiber across several state lines in violation of the Mann Act, which had been passed in 1910. Of course this Act, which stands as a monument to Representative James Robert Mann of Illinois, was intended not to regulate personal conduct but to crack down on the promoters of commercialized vice.

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**JOHNSON** *Continued*

Johnson had nothing to do with such business, but it was true that Belle Scheiber, a white woman from Midwestern, had traveled in his entourage. And it was well known that this woman was one of several who had at various times been publicly linked with Johnson in a socially reprehensible way.

Jack Johnson now made it absolutely certain that he would be restricted and given a harsh sentence by marrying Lucille Cameron. The ceremony was performed at the home of fight promoter Jack Cutler by a Negro minister on December 3. A number of reporters were present, one of whom asked Lucille, "Where's your mother, Mrs. Johnson?" "I don't know and I don't care," said the bride. Johnson's mother was there but replied when asked for a statement, "Sometimes I say things Jack doesn't like, so I'll keep my thoughts to myself." As the champagne cork popped Johnson took the \$2,500 ring from his wife's finger and put it in his pocket. All of this was reported at length in the Chicago papers.

When he went to trial in May of 1913 Johnson had to admit that most, if not all, of the charges against him were technically correct; he also might well have quoted Mr. Bumble's comment on the law. And to secure a verdict the jury quickly voted for conviction. Judge George Carpenter accurately reflected respectable opinion when he said in passing sentence, "This defendant is one of the best known men of his race, and his example has been far-reaching, and the court is bound to consider the position he occupies among his people. In view of these facts, this is a case that calls for more than a fine." Accordingly, he shipped Johnson with a year and a day in the penitentiary at Joliet, Ill., in addition to a fine of \$1,000.

Tragic that Jack Johnson was unrepentant is to state only part of his feelings. Judge Carpenter had made it plain that he could not have been sentenced to jail, or perhaps even executed, if he had been white. In later recollection Johnson now thought of England and Europe, where he had made easy money and behaved as he pleased. He decided to jump bail and leave the U.S. forever. Sending Bumble on ahead, Johnson and Gus Rhodes boarded a train at Englewood Sta-



JOHNSON'S MOTHER, who later died, possibly from "Yankee" syndrome

tion, carrying bags of hate and posing as members of a Negro baseball team bound for Canada. They got off in Hamilton, Ont., joined Lucille in Toronto and left Montreal on July 1, 1913 on board the *Coronado* bound for Le Havre.

"Well, the rabbit's out," said Johnson, as the liner put out to sea. "We're the three musketeers!" cried Lucille. The other passengers took to their rooms. View of the Johnson party, and it was announced that the champion and his companions would out in their laboratories on the voyage. When the news reached Chicago, Assistant U.S. District Attorney Elwood Goodrum made what has today the sound of a rather unfeeling remark. "This may solve the whole affair," said Goodrum. "The passengers are meeting and having a way on an iceberg." Johnson could shrug off that sort of talk, but he was considerably alarmed when he looked out at Le Havre and saw a detachment of French police drawn up on the pier. It was a relief to learn they were only there to guard the emigrants who had come to stare at the world's most famous fugitive from justice. But it was to see a great deal more of the police during the next seven years.

## NEXT WEEK

A game that disappeared . . . A night with Raquin . . . Havana, Willard and the Es . . . or was it? . . . A world-beat in Spain . . . Return to America . . . Prison, the pugilist and the stage . . . A truck on Route U.S. 1.

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FRANK R. HURLBUTT JR., M.D.  
San Jose, Calif.

#### COLOR: MUSICAL COMEDY NOTES

Sirs:

I would just like to read my thanks for the wonderful articles by Herbert Warren Wind. I particularly liked his coverage of the Walker Cup at Muirfield (*As Ever*, *Chronic Grief*, 51, June 1) and his note on Colonel Evans-Lombe, the secretary there, whom Wind characterized as "Muirfield's resident-embassy secretary, who, not indifferently, as he rides his bicycle silently over the course, will suddenly dart out of nowhere to upbraid a slovenly golfer who has replaced his turf after an iron shot but neglected to replace it so that it is perfectly aligned with the grain of the fairway."

I would like to add one more note on Colonel Evans-Lombe. When I was fortunate enough to play Muirfield several years ago, I asked the colonel about their score card, remarking that it only had the number of the hole and the distance but no par for any of the holes. The colonel gave me a most patronizing look and said, "My dear fellow, we don't have a par at Muirfield—we simply gather here to play golf."

ARTHUR JULIAN

Los Angeles

#### COLOR: THAT OTHER 59

Sirs:

Here are a few additional things about the 59 I made in the 1988 Northern California PGA championship.

My score was more sensational than Snead's (*That Incredible 59*, 51, June 1) because I was always a career-week golfer—twice in one week and I was overtrained! In my morning round of the tournament I had fished with three straight birdies; then in the afternoon 12 birds and six pars for a 58—16 birdies on 21 consecutive holes played. The next day under similar conditions I didn't get a birdie until the 18th hole—an easy par!

Official course records have always been forgotten when played at stroke play. Mine was made in match play, however. There were no strokes involved, and any parter "picked up" were within inches of the cup. Yes, I made the 59, but I assure you it was quite accidental.

I will be more pleased to play Sam for the title—to be played under my conditions: lying on the ground, back to back!

KARL PEY

Alameda, Calif.

#### FORM: TRADE REPORT

Sirs:

I certainly want to thank you for the fine article *Whitney Tower* did on Ribot (*A Horse Trade to Help History*, 51, June 1); in fact, it was one of the best factual jobs of reporting I have seen in a long time, and I compliment him and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for the care in seeing that it was accurately reported.

JOHN W. GALLMINGER  
Darby Dam Farm

Columbus, Ohio



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## Pat on the Back

Art Rogers



**CLARENCE A. BACH**

### *'They found what they wanted'*

This week telegrams from all over the world are pouring into the lap of the chatty and casually curious man shown above. C. A. Bach, founder in 1924 of the first photo-journalism course in the country, is retiring after 35 years at Los Angeles' John C. Fremont High School.

Bach ran his classes as if he were directing an operating news service. One of the results was a new approach to sports photography. Assigning a student crew to a basketball game, Bach would order them not to bring back a single picture with the basket in it, but to look for the unexpected. Using Los Angeles' sports arenas as his studio, he drilled into his gradu-

ates the fine, fast sense of timing that put many of them into the ranks of the world's great news and sports photographers (and 146 of them into the services as wartime photographers). All have their personal recollections. The *Los Angeles Times*' Art Rogers remembers the German camera Bach somehow wangled for him during the Depression. LIFE's Mark Kauffman recalls the sensational day a picture Bach assigned him to take made the cover of LIFE. Says SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's John G. Zimmerman: "He was a marvelous teacher and a wonderful friend." But all C. A. will admit is that "a lot of talented kids found out here what they wanted."

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